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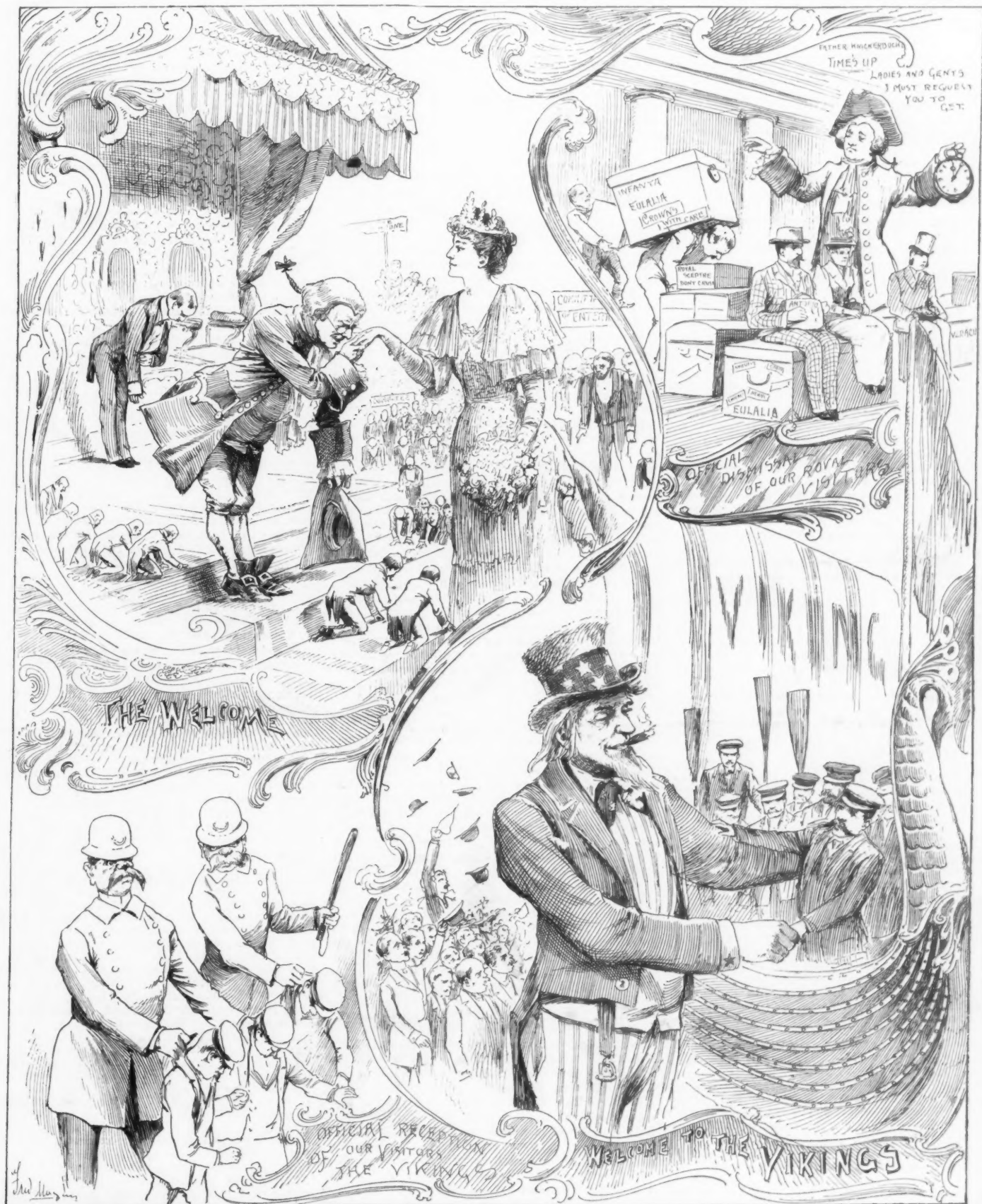
# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1893.

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Year, including Premium Volumes  
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WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST!!!

"WHAT! must you go? next time I hope  
You'll give me longer measure;

Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—  
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,  
Next time you'll take your dinners!

(Now, David, mind I'm not at home  
In future to the Skinners!")—Tom Hood.



# ONCE A WEEK

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## PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 524 West 34th Street, New York.

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We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

NEW YORK kept out the cholera last year, and we can do it again.

CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW says that Congress should be called together without unnecessary delay.

THAT half-million dollars in gold came home, like other prodigals, because it had no place else to go to.

RAILROAD magnates continue to give the public those reduced World's Fair rates "when the proper time comes." What is wrong with the *now*?

THERE is a deep-laid and widespread Anarchist conspiracy in Spain, of which the recent dynamite explosions in Madrid were the surface indications.

WINTER has no terrors for San Francisco. After the Columbian Fair is over, our neighbors at the Golden Gate will have a midwinter fair; and it will be on a grand scale.

THE cry against the Sherman Law must now be supplemented with the cry against reckless speculation—and we must insist, meanwhile, that the monetary situation is not as black as it has been painted.

EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY deaths from cholera occurred at Mecca from June 16 to June 20. Vessels coming through the Suez Canal and Red Sea will need special quarantine surveillance when they arrive at American ports.

ON the Pacific Slope the borrowers have been called up by the big banks for settlements. This may be a "disturbance" for a while, but it will be healthful in the end, if the banks refrain from squeezing the borrowers too hard.

AT this supreme moment of trial and travail the Irish National members of Parliament, whether Parnellite or anti-Parnellite, must all be Gladstonian. Personal, private or even factional grievances must be buried—even if they be not killed.

THE letter of Pope Leo XIII. to Cardinal Gibbons on the school question points to a compromise on all non-essentials; and it is very probable that, as a result, there will be less acrimony in discussing the school question, both inside and outside of the church.

DR. JOHANNES MIQUEL, Prussian Minister of Finance, is hopeful that the Army Bill will pass. France and Russia have just concluded a commercial treaty, whereas Germany has failed to make such a treaty with the Czar. Perhaps Germany needs the Army Bill.

GOLD has begun to come back from abroad. A half-million arrived last week—perhaps the identical gold that went abroad only a few short weeks ago. Why could not these exchanges be made by checks and drafts? Or does a sea voyage help gold as it is said to help champagne?

IF the World's Fair is to be open on Sunday, the price of admission should be twenty-five instead of fifty cents, and the employees of the Fair should have double pay on that day. If Sunday opening is in the interest of the working people, as the Seven Day Men claim, the scheme should include the working people in the White City.

THE Chicago Evening Post of June 16 consisted of one hundred and sixty-four pages. Eight pages were devoted to the news of the day, and the rest of the roll contained the names of Chicago property owners who are back on their taxes. Evidence accumulates that Chicago property owners are too busy at present to pay out anything.

THE Ferris Wheel at the World's Fair is now completed. It is two hundred and fifty feet in diameter. You may ride all the way round one side, over the top and back on the other side, if you choose. It will not cost much, and may last you until you get home. Whether you ride on the wheel or not, you cannot afford to overlook it while in Chicago.

THE group of sun spots that were visible through a smoked glass June 2 disappeared from the western limb about June 10. Professor Henry M. Parkhurst, of Brooklyn, writing to the New York Herald on the 20th, states that the group was likely to reappear on the eastern limb after the 23d, and that the spots would then have more effect on the weather of earth than in any other position.

Gen. We are likely to have rain on the Fourth of July—as usual.

THE Princess Enlalie and the Duke of Veragua have been received in this country with fitting honors, and they both take their departure expressing their appreciation of the treatment accorded them. The duke believes the World's Fair to be the greatest triumph of the nineteenth century, as the discovery of America was in the fifteenth—which is very well and very gracefully said indeed.

THE marking of the boundary line between Alaska and the British possessions has not yet reached the stage of commencement. The party which left Washington in March last have been unable to accomplish much. When last heard from the mountains were covered with snow. It is not believed that the boundary line between the disputed possessions can be marked for a year, because of unfavorable weather. The seal pup dispute and the boundary settlement may not be arranged within the century; but when they are arranged it is hoped that we will not be second best, as we were in the northeastern and northwestern boundary settlements. It ought to be our turn to get a little the best of it this time.

## CHAINED TO THE ROCK.

THERE is a murder trial on record, wherein all the witnesses were honestly mistaken, while the circumstantial evidence brought out and established the truth beyond the possibility of a doubt. So that circumstantial evidence, as such, is not unreliable; on the contrary, when forming an unbroken chain of events, and sometimes with a few weak links, it is the strongest kind of evidence. And as it is usually the only means of convicting the murderer—who invariably "covers up his tracks"—it is folly to maintain that no person should be convicted of murder except by direct testimony.

This is the ground taken, nevertheless, by many well-meaning people, in view of the now celebrated CARLYLE HARRIS trial. On this ground no doubt the BORDEN case was decided by both the "press and public" long before the jury acquitted. And, now that the epoch of murder trial by the daily press has opened upon the old-fogy world of jurisprudence, the murderer of the future will have nothing to do, in order to secure his acquittal, but to raise a cry in the daily press about the danger of convicting on circumstantial evidence.

We complain of this, in the first place, because it is not fair play. The power of the press is too great to be exerted in favor of either the State or the prisoner in murder trials. Given circumstantial evidence, strong as in the HARRIS case, add a newspaper conviction of the prisoner in advance of his trial, and HARRIS dies in the chair. Given circumstantial evidence, some links in the chain missing, as in the BORDEN case, add newspaper acquittal, and the jury does not dare even to disagree. Both of these trials were little short of scandalous instances of journalistic prosecution and defense. And suppose that the results of both trials were miscarriages of justice! Time may disclose that they were. Then, of course, a strict penal enactment may be devised to prevent trial of murder cases by newspapers and by public opinion influenced by newspaper-reading.

Though it is true that murder is usually to be proven by circumstantial evidence, is there any justice in the recent popular notion that an alleged murderer should not be convicted on such evidence? The aggregate human mind often, or rather usually, speaks more wisely than it is aware of. Its conclusions are usually based upon deeper and more solid truths than the erudition of learned men who write books on jurisprudence.

For example: we read in the books that an unbroken chain of events connecting the accused with the killing is the strongest and most conclusive evidence of his guilt; that such evidence is not mixed up with human weaknesses, as the testimony of witnesses sometimes is; that a combination of events not explainable except on the theory of the prisoner's guilt is a reasonable presumption of his guilt, which other and detached events may strengthen into positive proof.

On the other hand, the aggregate public mind has sounded a deeper depth of the philosophy of events. Unconsciously and intuitively it has concluded that circumstances are cruel and relentless. No human power can rescue the enmeshed victim, even if he is innocent. The hand of cause and effect, the usual order of human motives and deeds, the unchangeable law that no jury of honest men can find a verdict except as they must, in the light of the evidence—these may be arrayed against the innocent man as well as against the guilty. The great mind-heart of the people cries out against this, and says: We must not convict on circumstantial evidence. But it does not mean this. It means that we must not *kill*, on such evidence. A prisoner whose real innocence cannot be established is a victim of circumstances; pessimists call it Fate. The world must believe him guilty, cannot believe otherwise. Then he must be punished, proof of innocence may come later. Events often right themselves. Let the victim of circumstances be alive when his pardon comes.

The people do not mean that we must not convict on well-connected circumstantial evidence. Acquittal in this case would be as flagrant an instance of bad government as execution in the other. Human knowledge and human tests have been exhausted, and there is no reasonable doubt of guilt. Conviction must follow. The

human mind—in the jury-box, in "public opinion," if you will—cannot acquit. The prisoner may be innocent, chained by Fate to the rock of guilt; no human power can release. But do not kill.

In one word: Life imprisonment for murder is what the great mind-heart of the people demands. But it must be real life imprisonment until death comes to release, or until the chain that fastens innocence to the rock of guilt is shattered by the same power that forged it—circumstantial evidence.

## THE PACIFIC EMPIRE STATE.

CALIFORNIA is a long distance from here, but she is one of the sisterhood and has been very neighborly and liberal in her patronage of the World's Fair. The other States are proud of the great State on the Pacific coast, and will commend and admire, while they wonder at, the great project just set on foot by the State Board of Trade out there.

Mr. JAMES D. PHELAN, now in Chicago, has received instructions to ascertain exactly how many and what exhibitors will patronize the midwinter exposition California intends to hold after the close of the Chicago Columbian Fair. The statement has been made that upward of three thousand exhibitors will join in the California enterprise; but the State Board wish to know definitely, before buildings are erected at the Golden Gate, just how much patronage may be reasonably expected.

It is more than likely that California will make the midwinter exposition a success. Not only that; but the exhibits there will probably be the most successful and the most attractive of those that are now at Chicago to excite the wonder of a wondering world.

This great State has a population so small that it might easily be housed, on the crowding plan, in her principal city. The future is full of promise for California. The present objection to California is that it is a poor place for a poor man. There are no small properties, not even small farms.

Remove this difficulty—introduce varied manufactures—and the end of this century may yet see our greatest and wealthiest State on the Pacific. The midwinter exposition ought to make a good first move in the direction of manufactures.

## THE VIKING OUTING.

THE captain and crew of the Viking ship had trouble with the police of Brooklyn during a bit of an outing, and we all are very sorry that there was any unpleasantness. It is all over now; but it may not be amiss to remark that haste should be avoided in all such cases.

Captain ANDERSEN and his men are at present, in a sense, our guests. That means, not that we should be in a hurry to lock them up in a police station, but that we should be quick to let them out, after a reasonable time to allow the sergeant to look them over and the police justice to ascertain what they have to say for themselves. We—that is, Brooklyn—unfortunately have been quick to lock up; but, fortunately, the captain and his men got around all right to Mayor GILROY's reception at the New York City Hall.

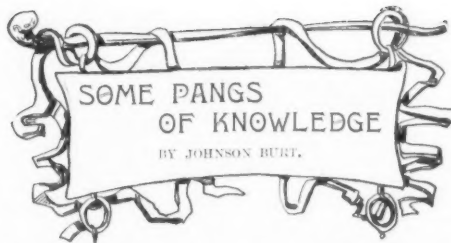
Of course we all are sorry, including the captain and his crew. Is that it, sergeant? Well, let it go at that.

THE first fifteen days of June showed a total of 1,200,000 paid admissions to the World's Fair—80,000 per day. The daily average during the first fifteen days of June at the Centennial was 27,000. The Paris Exposition of four years ago, with its twenty cents admission fee, had very little greater attendance, and very much less cash receipts. The World's Fair is all right. Wait until the rest of us thresh our wheat, and get back from the summer resorts—September and October.

THE appropriations made by Congress for the enforcement of the Geary Law during the fiscal year 1894 will become available in a few days and Secretary Carlisle will be compelled to adopt measures for the enforcement of the act. In view of their possible deportation it is thought that Chinese in this country will find it advisable to take advantage of the generous offers to immigrants made by Brazil. Brazil has repealed the law prohibiting the immigration of Chinese and Japanese, and planters and speculators in that country are discussing the best methods of importing labor from the Orient. One immigration company has already sent an agent to China. State Consul-General Dockery says that Brazil wants one million immigrants, chiefly agriculturists. Canada should head her Chinese for Brazil in future.

TWENTY-FIVE dollars' fine for each offense is the penalty in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, for the sale of newspapers on Sunday. A bill was passed by the Legislature reducing the fine to four dollars—the fine that prevails throughout the rest of the State for the same offense. Governor Pattison has vetoed the bill on the ground that the twenty-five-dollar fine, specially prepared for Allegheny thirty-eight years ago, has been continued upon the statute books "in the recognition of a sound public sentiment." The New York World very regretfully takes Governor Pattison to task for this veto. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer claims it is the "public sentiment of an intolerant age now happily passed" that imposes that fine in Allegheny County. The World is too "wide open" altogether on this Sunday question. Some of the people ought to have a rest, if they can enforce it by a majority vote. There is no intolerance in rest. The fine looks bad; but it is there, by the operation of law.





SHOTWAY passed in New York for a very smart lawyer, which was an enviable reputation to have, no matter how opinions might differ about the right and wrong of legal smartness. When he won a doubtful case the principals on the other side told one another that he was a great rascal, yet just the man they must retain the next time they had a doubtful case of their own. Besides, he had the faculty of keeping his clients, which some lawyers have not; aside from business, he was a companionable fellow, with a lot of available knowledge about almost everything; and such fellows are too scarce, even in a big city, to be let pass by men who want clever society after business hours and are able to pay for the luxury. He was a bachelor, so his time out of court and office was not monopolized by a family; he never drank too much, nor did he cheat at cards or tell unclean stories, so in the course of time a lot of married men found it easy to get away from home for an evening if they could assure their families that they were to be with Shotway.

Indeed, so agreeable and unobjectionable did Shotway seem, in society as well as elsewhere, and so long had he been known, that sometimes he found himself in demand as a son-in-law. He was scarcely forty years of age, and as young-looking as any reasonable maiden could ask; as to that, there is something about city life which keeps many men young up to three-score and ten, if their dispositions are reasonably cheerful and they haven't much to worry about. It takes considerable money to support an ambitious woman's daughter in New York, and young men with money are not always desirable in other ways. With Shotway for husband, however, a bride would be sure of good position, companionship and maintenance.

It must be admitted that Shotway had no family of his own to help him make his way. He did not hesitate to say that he was born in England of poor parents, and that his father was a mechanic—and a good one. Such education as he had to start with he had "picked up" in the United States; since then his record, from the time he had entered a law office as clerk, was known to many members of his profession, who held him in high esteem as a self-made man who had made himself too well to put on airs. A full half of his acquaintances could find mechanics in their own families only a generation or two back, and they weren't ashamed of them, either.

But why didn't the fellow marry? This was the question which scores of women, young and old, put to one another. It really was a shame that a fellow who could make himself so agreeable, and who had tastes more general and cultivated than most men, should not do his duty toward society by taking a wife, making a home and adding one to the small number of people who were really competent to entertain delightfully.

Among women who had decided opinions on this subject was Miss Edith Worling, a clever and well-to-do maiden of nearly thirty summers. That she had not already married was the fault of the dozen or more men who had proposed to her; she knew what manner of man she wanted as husband, and had been willing to wait until she found him. Shotway entirely met her requirements, but the fellow did not propose, although she had given him several opportunities, and without being at all unmaidenly, either; some women have tact enough to do that sort of thing without being suspected. She had met Shotway in society and at the seaside and in picture galleries and even in the course of some philanthropic work in which she was interested, and had found his tastes, principles and knowledge very like her own, which was the highest praise she could give any one. He had talked with her confidentially, almost, on some subjects, and of course love was one of them. Although—equally of course—love always got into the conversation accidentally. Shotway always expressed himself concerning it in a manner which Miss Worling thought delightfully manly and noble, as she frankly told him, yet even then he did not take the hint. Could it be, the girl wondered, that he had loved and lost, and was remaining true to an old ideal? She had heard of such men, but had never seen one; and, really, so good a judge of human nature and so judicial a mind as a prominent lawyer probably had, should rise superior to such a wasteful and profitless sentiment.

Meanwhile, like a sensible young woman, she paid close attention to the pleasures and duties of life. One of the tasks to which she bravely addressed herself was visiting the sick women in a portion of the city where most people lived almost from hand to mouth, and where occasional misfortunes caused much suffering which she could in some measure relieve. One day she had the pleasure of saving the newly-made widow of a house-painter from an exacting landlord, and of saying some encouraging words to the poor woman, who was quite ill in one of the better class of tenement-houses. Walls and doors in such buildings are not very thick; through them Miss Worling had sometimes unwillingly heard conversations not intended for her ear, and while she talked with the sick woman she was startled by a familiar voice saying:

"You might do it for my sake, when it is really for your own gain in every way."

"Say no more about it, I command you," came the reply, in a heavy voice, with a broad accent. "I'm too old to change, and it's not to my taste, either. More than that, I never was above my business, and I never will be."

"I'm not asking you to be above your business, but to

be higher in it," explained the first voice, which Miss Worling recognized as Shotway's. "Between laying brick for the wall of a house and taking entire charge of the building of a house there isn't much difference, when you look at the matter fairly. The business would be the same; you would simply be at the top instead of at the bottom, and you know you always did have a pride in being as good a man as could be found at your trade."

"Ah!" snarled the other voice, "you may be a smart lawyer, but you can't talk me around. When the layin' of brick's done for the day my work's done, an' I can take my glass an' my pipe an' have nothin' to worry me till the next day's work begins. Do you suppose I don't know how it is with the bosses? Poor devils, how I pity 'em!—them that's half-way decent an' honest. They're always lookin' as if somebody was huntin' 'em—the other bosses they're owin', I suppose—for stuff that's been bought on credit an' can't be paid for till some job's done an' the money got for it. There's others of 'em that look as if they thought all their men were stealin' stuff, or knockin' off and talkin' the minute there was nobody watchin' 'em. D'y'e suppose I'm goin' to put myself in some such fool's place just because my only son, who's got too much knowledge for his good, an' got above the bringin' up of his family for a hundred years back, wants me to act as if I was bigger than I am, an' smarter, too? Not a bit of it; I'm no such fool."

"You know perfectly well, father," replied Shotway, "that I don't want to add a single trouble to those you had. You were a good father to me, and I want to be a good son to you. You shan't have any trouble about money matters, if you will do as I ask, and use your brains as well as your hands. I'll supply all the necessary capital, and hire a first-class foreman who shall do all worrying and hard work. All you need to do is to appear as the head of the business, and act the man that I know you are, and let me show you to all the friends I have in business, and give me a chance to be proud of you in public as well as in private. You can find fault with bad work as well as any man in your trade; there are great capitalists and corporations who are looking for just such a man to oversee their buildings; I could put you in the way of getting contracts—honest ones—which would make you big money, and make men of consequence regard you with high respect. It certainly can't be wrong for a son to wish that his father may be respected by men who amount to something."

There was silence for a moment, except for some sounds which sounded like the partially strangled gurgitations of a large pump, and which really came from the pipe of Shotway's father, as the old man replied:

"One word for me an' two for yourself, my boy. I don't doubt you wish me well, and want to do what, accordin' to your own lights, would be the best for me, but you're thinkin' of somethin' for yourself all the time, an' it ain't much trouble for me to see what it is. I ain't no fool; I read ev'rythin' the newspapers say about you, an' I'm pleased with a good deal of it. You've done lots of things for me since you come to be fore-handed, an' I've took the will for the deed; but I ain't blind. I've seen what you was up to. You wasn't satisfied to stick to what your family had always been the best of their kind at, an' you ran into another business, an' you think you know a lot more than your father, an' now you want the old man to shape his course by you. Well, he ain't a-goin' to do it. I'm glad enough that you get twenty or thirty times as much money a year as your father, an' I don't quarrel with your tastes, a man bein' his own master after he's twenty-one, an' nobody havin' a right to prevent him. But, boy, mark what I say; I come twenty-one more'n thirty year ago, an' I'm not goin' to forget it for any young upstart who thinks he's somebody because he knows some things that his father didn't, not to say anythin' about the things not bein' worth knowin', except so far as they bring in money, which, anyway, ain't good for anythin' except to spend."

"What did you mean by saying 'one word for me and two for yourself'?" asked the son. "You don't imagine that I want to make any money out of you in the new position I've suggested, do you?"

"No, son; there's nothin' mean an' underhand in you, unless you put it into yourself; there never was anythin' of the kind in my family or your mother's, God bless her. But there's somethin' up; trust a father for readin' his own son—ah! stop frownin'; your lawyer-look can't throw me off the scent. There's a woman on your mind—ah! frownin' won't help you; turn around in front of the lookin'-glass an' see the red that's come in your face in a minute. You needn't be ashamed of it, either; it does you credit, an' shows that you've kept your heart clean, which I wish your dead-and-gone mother could look into your face this minute an' see. Well, marry her, if she'll have you. Your father wishes you well, an' gives you his blessing. What else do you want him to do?"

"I want my wife, if ever I get one," said Shotway, "to respect my father as I do; and you ought to know very well by this time that in this grand country no one is respected at all unless he is all that he might be. You've got no vices; you've a clear head and an honest heart, and it's a shame for you not to take advantage of circumstances and appear to the best advantage as what you are."

A hard laugh was for a moment the only answer to this speech; then the older man said:

"Ah! boy, the trouble with you is that you've got too much knowledge. Because you know some things your father don't, an' isn't sure he'd care to know 'em if he could, you expect me to follow the course that you're workin' on. Well, I won't do it; now you've got it fair an' square. Now go off to the kind that you've took to, thinkin' it better than that you was brought up among. There's been lots of learnin' come into the world, an' gone out of it, an' them that had it is nowhere now; but brick-layin' has to go on in the same old way, an' the man that knows how to do it has his work to show for him long after he's dead an' gone. You're my son, an' I love you honest an' full, as I always did an' always am goin' to;

but the trouble with you is that you've got too much knowledge—you've got so much that it's givin' you a pain, an' you're tryin' to pass the pain along to your dad. He won't have none of it—do you mind what I say? An' what sort of fool girl have you set your heart on?—oh, I know what's troubling you."

"My mother's son wouldn't interest himself in a fool girl," answered Shotway. "The woman I would like to marry, if my father would show himself to be the man he really is, and let me exact proper respect for him from people I know, is one of Heaven's choicest creations; and though rich and handsome and brilliant, she spends much time and money in comforting the poor. She's an angel on earth."

"Just what I've heard young fellows say ever since I was a young fellow myself," growled the father. "I told you that you had too much knowledge, an' now I know it when you tell about what Heaven's done. Get out! Wait a minute, though; what's her name?"

Miss Worling abruptly concluded her visitation; she already had heard too much of Mr. Shotway's affairs. As she opened the door she found herself face to face with Shotway, although the lawyer's face was not as she had usually seen it. Shotway comprehended the situation in an instant, and said, as he raised his hat and followed Miss Worling down the narrow stair:

"You've discovered my discomfiting secret."

"Not through any fault of my own," the girl replied, quickly. "Besides, 'tis yours, not mine, so you can't imagine I shall betray it."

"Thank you. My father is—"

"Well?"

"He is far better than he seems, I beg you to believe."

"He seems a man of very strong character. His remarks, which I unwillingly overheard, enabled me to understand why his son—"

"Well?"

"Oh, please don't fish for a compliment. You know very well what every one thinks of you."

"Every one—including you?—in spite of what you have heard?"

"Yes. But I didn't hear all; he asked you the name of the woman, and I wish I might have heard it, so I might have been the first to congratulate her."

"What a pretty speech!"

"Thank you. 'Tis as honest as pretty."

"Allow me to test that statement. The woman is walking downstairs beside me. Now what do you say?" Miss Worling dropped her head and said, almost in a whisper:

"Just what I've already said. I shall congratulate her, with all my heart, as soon as I can be alone, in my own room."

And the wedding cards were out within a month.

THE Canadian Liberals in convention at Ottawa favor a Canadian tariff for revenue only, and a reciprocity treaty with this country which shall include a well-considered list of manufactured articles. Now is the time for the administration at Washington to make out such a list. Congress should convene before September, for this and other purposes. If the weather is hot, the iron is also.

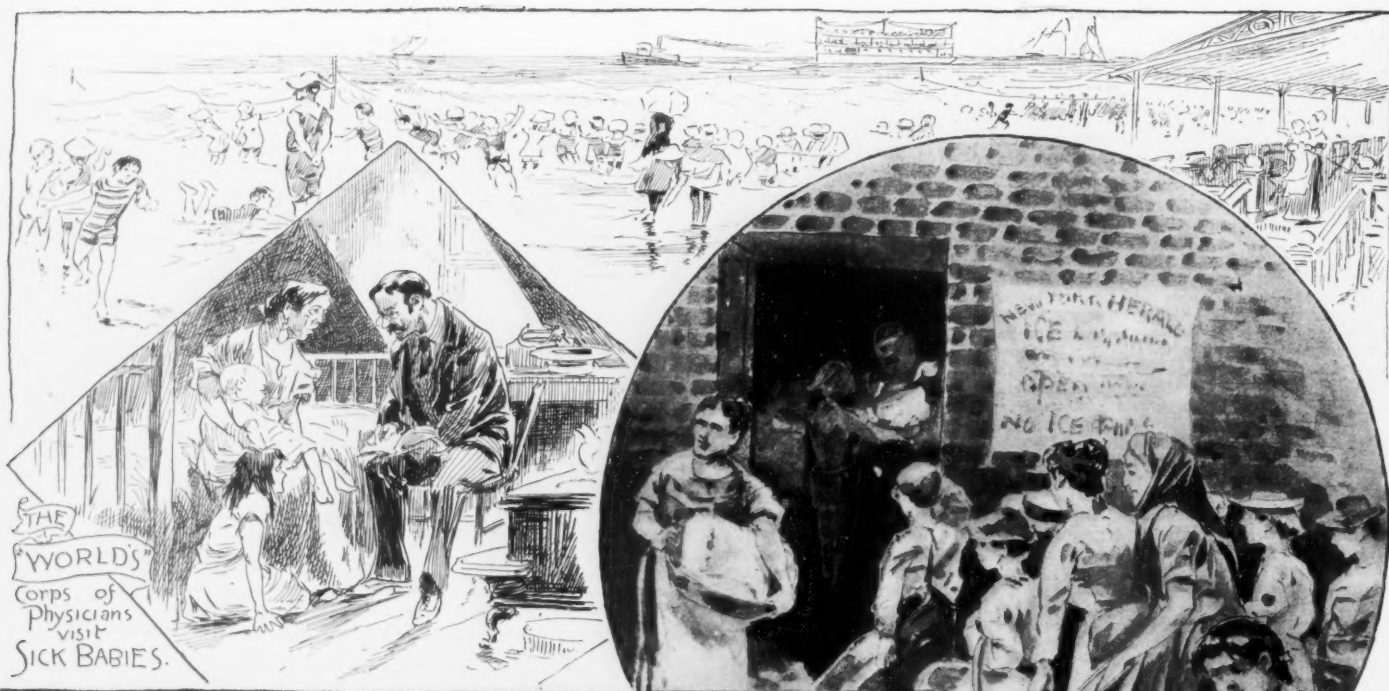
THE murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Borden is still at large. Lizzie Borden has been acquitted; neither her guilt nor her innocence has been established beyond a reasonable doubt. A verdict of guilty would have been a sentence of death in Massachusetts, and no sane man would agree to such a verdict in the light of the evidence. The very near future will probably solve the mystery of those two phenomenal crimes. In the meantime Lizzie Borden is innocent before the law and never can be tried again for the same offense. If real life imprisonment had been the penalty for murder in Massachusetts, the verdict might have been different or the jury might have disagreed. But no matter, now.



PRIVATE HOSPITALITY TO THE INFANTA.

ON her return to New York the Infanta Eulalie was pleased to accept the hospitality of her countryman, Mr. J. N. Ceballos, who offered his house on Madison Avenue and Sixty-second Street, with his staff of servants, for the use of the royal party during their stay. Mr. Ceballos and family having moved to their country residence. It was an agreeable change for Her Royal Highness to be enabled to enjoy something like domestic seclusion after what must have proved, at times, a trying experience of hotel life and its unavoidable publicity. Mr. Ceballos was an honored guest of the princess on her visit to Newport.





LARGE-HEARTED BENEVOLENCES OF THE GREAT CITY.





"FORT HILL," THE OLD HOME OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.  
Now the site of the new South Carolina State Agricultural and Mechanical College, to be opened July 6, 1893.



JOHN C. CALHOUN.—(See page 7.)

#### COLLISION AT SEA.

THE collision between the Cunarder steamer *Servia* and the *A. M. McCallum*, of New York, represented in the illustration on this page, occurred on June 7, about three o'clock in the morning, latitude forty degrees north, longitude sixty-nine degrees west. Fortunately, but one life was lost. The weather was hazy and those on the *Servia* did not see the ship until the steamer was close to her. The *Servia's* engines were reversed full speed

astern, but the effort to stop her was futile. She struck the *McCallum* between the main and mizzen masts and cut an enormous hole in her side. The water poured through the gap in a torrent and the *McCallum* almost immediately began to settle. Five minutes later she sank. The bow of the *Servia* was kept in the hole as long as possible, and while she was in this position twenty-two of the men on the ship climbed over her bow to the deck of the steamer.



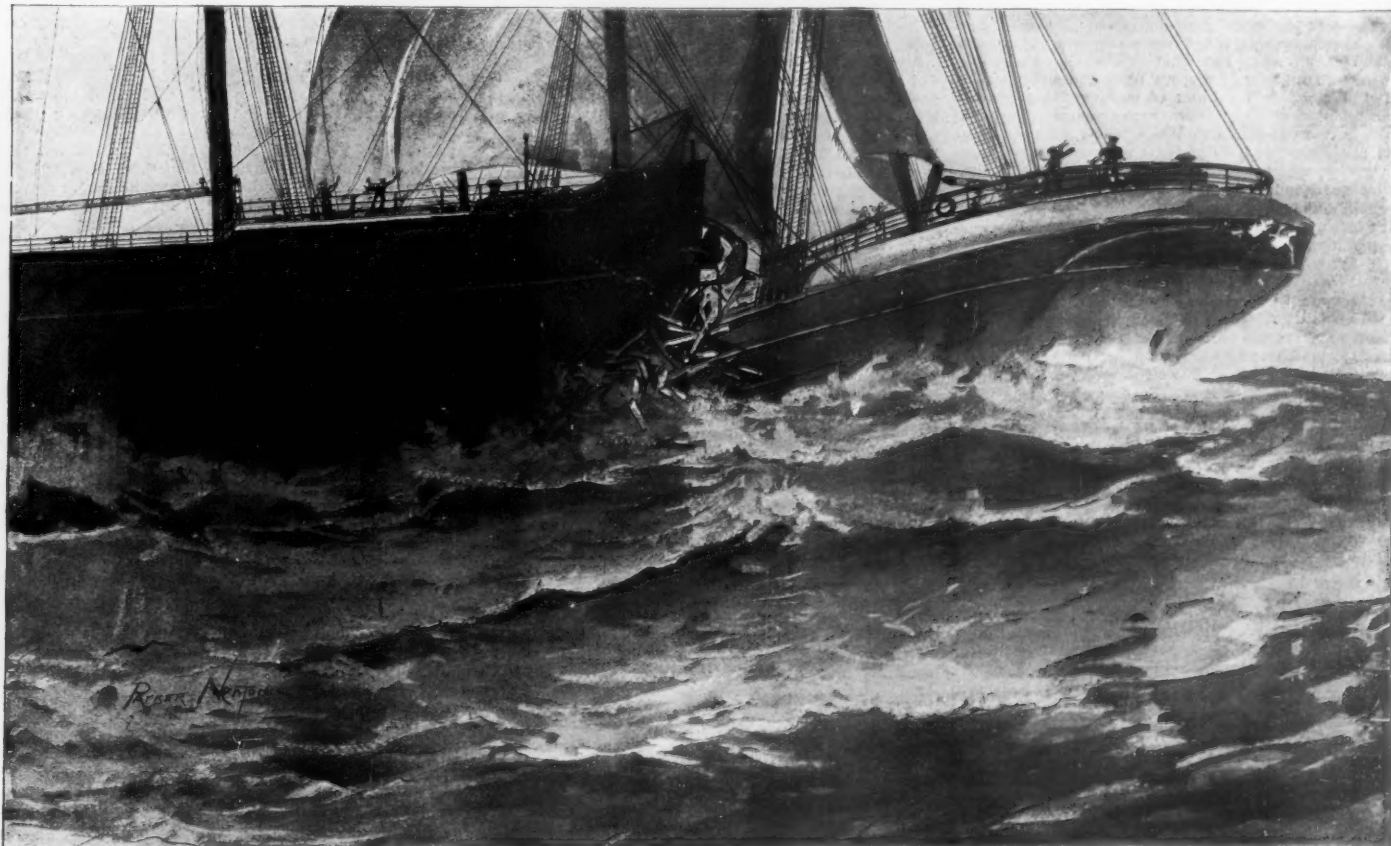
MAIN BUILDING CLEMSON COLLEGE, FORT HILL, S. C.



THE LATE LELAND STANFORD.

#### DEATH OF LELAND STANFORD.

A GOOD man, who made good use of his fortune during life, has just left us. Senator Leland Stanford, of California, whose portrait we here give, died of apoplexy on June 21, at his home in Palo Alto. The perpetuation of his name is assured by the Leland Stanford University, which he has endowed to the extent of twenty million dollars. As a public man he was rather inclined of late years to advocate advanced liberal views as to the rights of labor and agriculture. In private life he was a man of strong attachments and methodical business habits. He was genial, plain, of the common people. It is announced that the enormous business he leaves behind him has been so organized during the past few years that it will move along just as though he were living.



COLLISION BETWEEN THE "SERVIA" AND THE "MCCALLUM," TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY MILES FROM SANDY HOOK.





W had been discussing the influence over the human mind of the passions, and their power, when yielded to, of making their victim a monomaniac or an imbecile. My interlocutor said he doubted whether love and the thirst for drink were so despotic as some of the other passions. I asked him what was stronger.

"Well, there is avarice," said he, "and vanity."

"You are thinking," I replied, "of Balzac's 'Eugenie Grandet' and Shakespeare's 'Malvolio.'"

My friend, however, was a real estate agent, and, I presume, had not kept up his reading since we were together in college, some five-and-twenty years ago.

"No," replied he; "I was thinking of cases in my own experience. Avarice is common for a man in commercial life; but I have known instances of vanity that surpassed everything else."

I told him I was sorry to hear him adding his voice to the vulgar chorus of detraction of woman.

"Why should you suppose I was thinking of women?" returned he. "As a matter of fact, I was thinking of a man I know and first met soon after leaving college."

"A man rendered imbecile by vanity?" I exclaimed.

"A Frenchman, or a Spaniard, was it?"

"Neither. He was a Connecticut Yankee, and had been at one of our leading universities. He had come to Germany to complete his education, and I ran across him in Berlin."

"He must have been a unique."

"That is a point I should like to have decided; I have often wondered whether he was an exceptional case or not. I have never happened to meet any one like him; but then I have never had the same opportunity to study the passion."

"What did he do?" I inquired, for I was getting interested.

"It is rather a long story," said my friend; "but since the peculiarities of human nature are in your line, I'll tell it to you. You know I went abroad immediately after graduating and lived a couple of years in Germany. There was an American colony in the city and several Americans among the students; we used to meet at receptions and at concerts and beer saloons and I soon got acquainted with all of my nationality. This fellow, whom I will call Spratt—it was a nickname we gave him—was a pleasant, amiable, stout-built young fellow, who had rowed in his class crew, and taken a moderately good degree. The fact that his college was the rival one to mine brought us together in that foreign place, where we made common cause against the Germans, and I soon came to know him very well. He was a kind of innocent in many ways, though he had the shrewdness and solidity of his race, too. But he had a foolish drawing fashion of talking, and a vacuous smile, and a soft streak in him; not that he hadn't pluck as well as muscle; but, somehow or other, he was what boys call a fool. From a business point of view he has not proved a fool, though; he is doing a good trade to-day in the wholesale dry-goods line and making money. But I doubt whether he has ever realized what a consummate ass he made of himself under our tuition."

"Our?" I interrupted. "Who was your partner?"

"A classmate of mine, a fellow who has since become a big painter; you know him—Forrester. Forrester and I were always together, and we made poor Spratt our meat. We both of us had what we considered a strong sense of humor; at any rate, we liked fun and practical joking. We got into a habit of making fun of Spratt without his suspecting it; we were a year or two older than he, and he stuck to us like a leech, and sometimes bored us. He was as transparent as a piece of window-glass, and we soon found that he had a fair opinion of himself, which only needed encouragement to become rooted. We used, occasionally, to revenge ourselves on him for boring us by making a fool of him; but it was only by accident that we hit upon the plan of campaign which we carried out uninterruptedly for nearly a year, and which he never once dropped to. After we got a-going, we couldn't stop; we were like Frankenstein, who, having created his monster, was obliged to find employment for him. We had aroused the monster of Spratt's vanity and we had to give it its daily food whether we would or no. But how we did laugh! We tried to keep sober in his presence, but once in a while the absurdity of the thing was too much for us and we would suddenly burst into roars of echinination, much to the surprise of Spratt, who would laugh, too, and ask us what the joke was. We would rack our imaginations to find a pretext; but he always accepted whatever we gave him, and, as I said, never once suspected the truth. He had got to be so infatuated with himself that he was actually incapable, at that period, of conceiving that the joke could possibly be about him."

"Spratt told us that he had come over with the intention of learning, in one year, the French and German languages. He had the least talent for picking up a language of any man I ever met; but, of course, we praised his proficiency, and always put him forward as the spokesman of the party whenever there was occasion to talk with the natives. He never could make himself understood, and we used to add to the trouble by supplying him with German idioms and phrases, invented by ourselves, and possessing no meaning whatever, which he would get off with that vacuous smile and an idiotic complacency which nearly made us suffocate."

"Spratt had brought some books along with him to read, with a view to improving his mind; I guess he never read them; but one day we found on his table a copy of Byron's 'Childe Harold.'"

Forrester took up the book and turned it over, and read out a few of the well-worn quotations, and Spratt remarked: "That's pretty good, isn't it? I'll have to look at that again." Upon which Forrester said in pure idleness, without imagining what it would lead to: "What's the use of your reading it, Spratt? You could write much better than that yourself, without trying."

"To be sure you could, Spratt," I chimed in; "I've often thought you had the face of a great poet, and there's no doubt in my mind about your being a great poet in reality."

"Is that so?" said he. "Well, do you know I've sometimes fancied so myself. I used to make rhymes sometimes when I was a boy; but it never occurred to me to follow it up."

"I'll tell you what you must do, Spratt," said Forrester. "You must set right to work and write a long poem on the plan of this thing of Byron's and call it 'The Adventures of Spratt.' I'll venture to predict it would take the literary world by storm. Make it in thirty cantos."

"Cantos?" said Spratt. "Let's see, what are they?" "They come from two Sanskrit words, etymologically," said I; "kan, a thousand, and ta, two. The meaning is that every canto must consist of two thousand lines."

"Thirty times two thousand is sixty thousand," said Spratt. "By George! that would take pretty long, wouldn't it? Is Byron's poem as long as that?"

"The value of a poem, literary as well as pecuniary, depends chiefly on its length," replied Forrester. "You must get ahead of Byron, at any cost. Besides, a man like you can easily write four or five thousand lines a day. And then, think what you could sell it for, in London and New York!"

"By George! that's so," said Spratt. "What ought I to ask for them?"

"I believe Byron made about a hundred thousand pounds out of his poetry," I remarked to Forrester. "But maybe Spratt had better not ask more than fifty thousand dollars down for his first poem. Then he can arrange to have royalties on whatever copies are sold beyond that. That would be modest, and yet it would secure him."

"It seems almost too modest to me," replied Forrester. "A man doesn't want to underrate himself. Why not give the chance of publishing them to two or three publishers, and set them bidding against one another? Then you'd know what they really were worth."

"Spratt was all on fire with enthusiasm by this time, and he set to work on 'The Adventures of Spratt' that same afternoon. He told us, from time to time, that he was getting on famously. 'I get my inspirations in the mornings before I'm quite awake,' he told us. 'All sorts of rhymes come into my head, and I write 'em down when I get up. I just put sentences to 'em, you know.'"

"I knew you could do it," said Forrester. "And you must remember not to bother if the lines sometimes seem not to make sense. That's always the way with the best poetry. You must have faith that your readers will find the sense, even if you can't."

"How many lines can you write in a day?" I asked.

"Well, that's as it happens," said he. "But if I'm in any sort of shape, I can work off about a hundred lines an hour."

"Splendid!" cried Forrester; "let's hear some of it."

"I can remember only two or three lines of what he read us," said my friend. "They went like this:

"She and I got in as best we might—  
Into our boat, so pretty and bright;  
And as we sailed out on the sea,  
We looked back fondly to the lea."

"We told Spratt we had never heard anything like it, and he continued the poem with unflagging industry. But our appetite grew with what it fed on. We explained to him that all great poets were in love, and assured him that in order to complete his genius he must select some lady in the American colony and address some passionate love-songs to her. He accepted our suggestion, and as he seemed to have no choice of a lady-love, we picked out one for him. She was a pert little goose, pretty in a doll-like way and inclined to be coquettish, and we thought she would fall in with our scheme very well. But Spratt wrote her a poem which her sense of humor was inadequate to cope with. We read the poem before he sent it in, and if it had any meaning at all, which was open to doubt, it indicated that this young lady, to whom he had never been so much as introduced, was violently in love with him and had proposed to him to accept her love; and that he had given her to understand that the demands of the muse would not permit of the indulgence. She failed to see the charm of this and sent him back his poem, with a short and sharp note, in the third person, saying that she wanted no more of his impertinence. We found Spratt with the note and the poem in his hand in a disconsolate attitude in his room. He handed the note to us in silence; but, as we were perusing it, he sighed and gave vent to the outcry of a mighty soul in pain by the interjection, uttered in a sickly tone as of one from whom all hope and joy have forever vanished. 'Oh, Darn!'

"But we bade him take courage. All lady-loves, we told him, were wont to be coy at first in order to enhance their value with their swains. He must not give her up, but, on the contrary, urge his suit more vigorously. He affected to be cheered by our ministrations; but the real difficulty in our way was, of course, that he was not in love with the girl, whom he hardly knew by sight, and we had, consequently, nothing but his vanity to work on. We finally succeeded in inducing him to address another poem to her; but she had by this time come to suspect us of having a hand in the affair—she was acquainted with Forrester—and took measures to have the poet presented to her. What she said to him we never learned; Spratt preserved a sad silence on the subject; but though he never could be induced to write her any more poetry, he

remained as firmly convinced as ever of his transcendent genius.

"Meanwhile, we supplemented our poetical instruction by inoculating him with a corresponding infatuation as to the charms of his personal appearance. Forrester persuaded him to discard his billycock hat, and to wear instead a green Tyrolean affair, with a long, iridescent feather in it. With this aslant on the side of his head, he would strut into the outdoor concert in the royal park, and seat himself at a table with the air of a Lovelace. One day, while he and I and Forrester were sitting together, I said to Forrester, with an unpremeditated inspiration, 'What did you say that pomade was that made your mustache grow so?' for he had an unusually heavy growth on his upper lip.

"He perceived that there was something in the wind, and caught on immediately. 'I got that from Paris,' he replied; 'it is made by a rare recipe, and is very expensive. But until I began using it, I had no more mustache than Spratt has at this moment. It made the change you see in a few weeks.' Spratt, I forgot to say, had about six hairs on his right lip and seven on the other.

"He was much interested. 'Haven't you any of it left?' he asked. 'I should like some, awfully.'"

"I have none with me," said Forrester, "but I'll try and get some for you within a few days."

"When we were alone together, we determined upon a plan of action. We got an ordinary box of pomade and opened it without tearing the label. We took some powdered asafetida, some Limburger cheese, some scrapings of carbolio soap, some musk, and some of the original pomade, and mixed them well together. We filled the box with this and put the cover on with the label unharmed. We did the concoction up in a neat parcel, and took the first opportunity of giving it to Spratt. 'Of course, you know, being so strong,' said Forrester, 'it smells a bit strong, too; but you won't mind that.'"

"Spratt was profuse in thanks, and offered to pay for the box; but we magnanimously declined to entertain such an idea. I can give you no notion how terrifically the stuff smelled. I had accidentally got some of it on my coat-sleeve and the stench remained there for a week. Spratt opened the box, smelled it, and looked a trifle serious. 'By George! that ought to be effective, oughtn't it?' said he. He hesitated a moment, glancing at the box, and then at Forrester's magnificent mustache. 'How long did it take, did you say?' he added.

"Not three weeks," replied Forrester, in a tremulous voice, for we were both on the point of exploding.

"Spratt sighed. 'Well, here goes,' he said; and the next moment he had dipped his finger in the stuff and was rubbing it into his upper lip. From that time he used it steadily until all the contents of the box were exhausted. And the strange thing about it was that his mustache did actually increase somewhat. But good old Mrs. Meinell, the kindest-hearted soul that ever lived, said to me in confidence one day: 'Do you know, I should quite like that young man; but really, he does smell so terribly of I don't know what that I can't bear to have him come near me. I am afraid he must have something very bad the matter with him.'"

"Spratt himself took me aside one day and said: 'I'll tell you a secret, old man; when I first began to use that pomade I didn't more than half like the smell of it; but I don't mind it a bit now. I must have some more of it.' But as neither Forrester nor I were willing to undertake the manufacture of it, Spratt had to do without it.

"But I can't go on telling you what an ass he was; it would take me all night," said my friend. "Did you ever meet with a fellow like him in your experience?"

"You and Forrester hypnotized him, I imagine," said I. "You brought out an unsuspected streak of nature in him. What did he finally do?"

"He went home to Connecticut. He wrote us afterward that he had carried his poems to Longman's (I think it was) on his way home, going through London, but they had told him that they had given up publishing poetry. Then he had taken them to one of the great New York publishers. They had said that they considered them crude and advised him to do something else. Then, I guess, his father got hold of him, and held him down to business. I have never heard of his writing any poetry since."

"How much of all this am I expected to believe?" I asked.

"You know too much of human nature to doubt the possibility of it," my friend was kind enough to say; "but if you want to make assurance doubly sure, I will tell you, seriously, that every word of it is true, not to speak of a great deal more that I have not told you."

Richard Hawthorne

#### THE HOUSE TERRIBLE.

THE final scene is in a courtroom, in the pioneer days, in Central New York. The "House" has been built upon the land of the Indians, and a little Indian girl claims the land as her own. The sheriff is asking to be relieved of the care and legal title of the structure, which nobody will own, so fearful have been the happenings within its walls.

The little Indian girl, now grown to womanhood, is in court. So is another, Dandylion, one of the most unique characters in the story.

In the midst of revelations as to why nobody wants the "House," a storm arises, the courthouse is wrecked, a life is lost.

The premises of the House Terrible are to-day a cemetery. The title is not in the State. It is a free burying-ground.

The novel telling all about this episode of Central New York pioneer days goes out with the present issue, Vol. XI, No. 12.



## SOME ODDITIES OF CHINATOWN.

BY JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.



HE Chinese," said my friend, "came in hosts, in swarms and in clouds! They massed themselves ten deep, and, with bowed heads, on the edge of the barbarian country, bent to the ax of the executioner. Day by day, week by week, the heads of the 'Celestials' rolled upon the sod; but still the grand, hundred-mile processionary array of Mongolians continued with unbroken front. Suddenly, the headman dropped in his tracks, overcome with exhaustion. A single Chinese passed the dead line! Then another and another, a thousand, a hundred thousand—and so it was that the religion of Confucius was carried beyond the borders of China."

My friend and I had been talking about the Chinese in Mott Street, where, at present, may be found the heathen colony, numbering in all some fifty thousand. Debating upon the real cause of their immigration, my friend, after uttering the preceding blood-curdling paragraph, concluded:

"And I'll wager my bottom dollar that the real reason the Chinese are in the New World to-day is to spread their religion!"

Be this as it may, every visitor to New York wishes to see Chinatown, and, if possible, obtain a glimpse of its mayor and leading citizens. Strangers tell me that their first view of the quarter is disappointing. They expect to view a large community, and are therefore disagreeably surprised to find that the famous place is contracted to three short, narrow blocks, much after the fashion of a horseshoe. The three and five-story brick dwellings, narrow and high, with here and there a stone stoop, set off with an iron hand-rail, were once the haunts of fashion and pleasure; to-day they are crowded indescribably with Chinese, who peer at you with meek-eyed indifference from holes in the ground or throw banana peels at you from the roof as you pass by. In the narrow limits of the quarter are huddled together the good and the bad, merchants and beggars, dogs and babies. Quaint Chinese stores, with their flaming red signs, greet the eye side by side with the humble curbstone stall, whereat a Mongolian retails the odd-looking vegetables of which his race is so fond—sickly green pears, acidulous plants, and the like. At the dark doors leading into the cellars you see lazy Chinese lolling in the sun. But, let a policeman come strolling along, and their black eyes widen, as, with the peculiar cry, "Fa la! Fa la!" they rush headlong out of sight in the forbidding passage. These men are the outer guards for the Chinese who run gambling-houses in the cellars, and the note of warning, "Fa la!" is their method of intimating that danger is in the air.

The billiard and poolroom is one of the attractions. The Chinese play pool cleverly, and may be seen bordering the tables at all hours of the afternoon and evening, until far into the next morning. As a rule, the quarter is asleep till nearly noon. The Chinese are night workers, essentially. They rise at twelve or one o'clock, spending the remaining portion of the day in aimless visiting or in merchandising among their friends. Some go at once to the fan-tan shops, the favorite gambling game of the place; others drop into the Chinese Delmonico, where they dine sumptuously on a dime. Here, instead of a toothpick, a cigarette is served at the completion of the feast of rice and tea, or duck and chop soi. In the meantime, Chinese boys may be seen running across the streets, now and again, in their hands fluttering bits of red paper, upon which the usual curious hieroglyphs of the race are enserolled. These small papers, harmless as they seem, in reality bring many a joy and sorrow to the Mongolian heart, for their mission is none other than to chronicle the rise and fall of the lucky numbers in the daily drawings of the famous Chinese lottery. Maybe you will see good old Dr. Choy Yoy Chung ambling along the narrow street. He cures with herbs, dried reptile skins and with roots, and boasts of the fact that he obtained his intricate knowledge in Peking, and, likewise, that he numbers among his followers many American men and women, who swallow with all faith the saffron-skinned doctor's potions and pills. A gorgeous display of peacock feathers mark the place where swings his curious Chinese sign in the wind. Now and then, too, in the cellars you may catch a glimpse of a number of Chinese smoking opium in their bunks, while some of the more indifferent use their pipes on the street and in the doorways. The Chinese butcher does a lively business selling roast pig. It is curious how fond the natives are of this delicacy. They buy, though, with great caution, and only after much touching, nipping, tasting and cogitating. Some Chinese boys, who love pig, but evidently have no money, stand in a circle before the wonderful window with its odorous pig, and talk together in their dark language, at the same time significantly shaking their heads toward the succulent delicacy.

The Chinese counsel, Chong Zung Chio, is out this morning inspiring awe on every hand. His loose-flapping trousers are of a delicate pearl and gray color, his shoes are of black silk, embroidered in gold, his saucer-like cap is of blue silk, while his double coat is of white and pale violet, the latter color being exposed to the popular gaze. His pigtail, made doubly lengthy by means of black silk threads interwoven with the braid, the whole ending in a tassel, flaps gayly in the breeze. When the official descends a stairway to enter a cellar, let us say, he picks up his queue as daintily as might a lady her train. Now and again a Chinese passes, in whose pigtails are strands of white silk, while others again have light green or blue silk threads conspicuously among the plaits of hair. The white silk meshes mean that the wearer is in full mourn-

ing; the light blue or green that he is in second mourning. There are a few old men on the street, some of whom huddle in doorways, sunning themselves and blinking over their opium. Custom forbids that a man wear a beard in Chinatown until he is a grandfather. It is easy to see that the old chaps are proud of the scanty sprouts on lip or chin. One denizen wore a small ivory comb, suspended by a silver chain, on the outside of his coat, gravely stroking and coaxing his mustache with all the concern of a gilded American youth.

Through a narrow hall and up a dirty stairs brings one to the Chinese Delmonico restaurant. A good dinner consists of nine courses, served on bare wooden tables and eaten with chop-sticks. The meal begins with sweets, half a dozen bits of sugared ginger heaped on a small egg-shell compote; the ginger is dyed a brilliant scarlet. In rapid succession follow dried nuts, candied apricots and other delicacies of this sort; tea is offered in cups no bigger than a thimble; a tin teapot is at hand, from which the diner replenishes his diminutive cup as often as need be. Some of the patrons have before them huge bowls of steaming rice, which they eat by bringing the dish to their lips, and then literally shoveling the food into the open mouth. The sweet bit of the hour is nut-chi-ki, composed of the white meat of chicken, garnished with nuts and bamboo sprouts. As the dinner proceeds, some of the natives kick off their slippers, their bare stockings peering through the rungs of their stools. The odor of fuming cigarettes fills the air; an incessant babble prevails; every few moments you will see a Chinese pick up a bone or a bit of refuse food and deliberately send it flying under the table to the dirty floor! A greedy cat munches away under one of the tables. Were it not for the red banners on the walls, the eating-house would be as bare as a barn; and, assuredly, it is as uninviting as a pig-sty. Yet the visitors to Chinatown love it dearly, and laugh and chatter there in a corner; the ladies, especially, on their first visit, cannot prevent themselves going into ecstasies over the tiny teacups. Thus, to-day, the "slummers" eat, drink and are merry in their new experience with strange dishes.

I clamber up another winding passage, in another building; rats scamper before me; several turns, and I am in the far-famed Joss House, a large room, or suite, on the top of a tall brick store. Strange rites are observed in this temple of Confucius. The sexton, a venerable man, wearing a long beard, comes forward, saying not a word, but, in admirable pantomime, bowing magnificently, till his queue fairly tumbles forward over his inclined head. As my eyes grew used to the semi-twilight that lurks about the rooms, I observed with rising interest and attention the huge, the grotesque trappings and sacred relics. The ceiling is ornamented with gorgeous banners, which in many instances hang so low that a tall man must bend in passing. All the hideous clap-trap of fiery dragons, golden chariots, tinsel altars and ginger-bread scrolleries is seen on every hand, indescribable in its Oriental splendors. Quaint carvings, somber couches and settees peer at one from dark corners; dim lights burn before the altars, while from the walls frown the faces of scores of wild god-creatures, famed in Chinese mythology. Over at one side of the temple there is a bulletin board, pasted full of bits of red paper. These were placed there by devout Chinese, on New Year Day. Each slip represents a donation. Some of the contributions run as high as fifty dollars, others are twenty dollars, while few are less than five dollars. In each instance the form of the donation bequest is as follows:

FOR OIL FOR THE JOSS HOUSE,  
FIVE DOLLARS.  
HOH LUNG LEE.

I was introduced to one of the celebrities of the Joss House, Yeng Wah Chee, who is no less a personage than the mayor of Chinatown. He bowed low. Not a word did he say. Then he resumed his seat on a low couch. He was meditating, as I took it, on the contents of a little parchment book which he held in his brown hands. His finger-nails were exceptionally long, pointed and—dirty. The book, as I was told, was a copy of the writings of Confucius. Near by was his opium pipe. No sooner had the gentleman bowed than he resumed his reading, from which I did not deem it wise to disturb him. The duties of the mayor of Chinatown are simple, but, for all that, none the less attractive. His is the important function of deciding disputes among his people. From his decree there is no appeal. All day long he is here in the Joss House, dreaming his life away, reading out of the sacred books, sleeping in blissful ignorance of the busy world outside; or, in the golden stupors of his opium reveries, transported to the gardens of the blessed, with its bright-eyed sirens, and with its plum trees of eternal bloom. I wished much to interview the sage, but, reflecting as above, bore off regretfully, leaving the venerable philosopher deep in the mysteries of his storied parchment.

If you wish it, the faithful sexton of the Joss House will invoke the aid of the Chinese black art to scan the future. Gold or silver is the offering that brings this consummation. When I explained that I would try the ordeal the priest took two wax candles, carefully kindled them and stuck them in a shallow box filled with earth, which rested before the altar of a famous war god, who, according to the sacred tradition, was wont to carry an immense spear, in weight equal to nine hundred pounds; dying, he plunged it in the bed of a river in the Celestial Empire, where it remains to this hour, an object of respectful veneration, to which the pious annually make pilgrimages. An imitation of the formidable weapon stood beside the altar. The worshiper next took a handle of incense sticks, set them burning, blew out the flame with a wave of his hand—his breath being regarded as polluted—distributing them in various parts of the temple. One he placed near

a small altar at the door, to prevent the entrance of evil spirits at this sacred moment of incantation. Still another was taken out on the balcony, that its fragrance might be scattered to the four winds, propitiating gods everywhere. This done, the seer bent low before the altar, his lips moving in prayer. Presently arising, he asked my name, and, upon receiving it, fell prostrate. With great deliberation he next took up a jar containing a bundle of bamboo splints, in size and shape much like lead pencils. With religious awe the follower of Confucius gently rocked the jar to and fro, increasing its gyrations more and more, until the force of the vibrations caused one of the sticks to hop out of the vessel and fall to the floor. Eagerly the priest seized the bit of wood, examining it closely in search of a number, and, finding it, went to a large rack upon which were displayed several hundred slips of red paper, each bearing five rows of Chinese writing. I heard him edon over the legend softly to himself and, satisfied as to its English interpretation, with a grave face turned to me, and in broken sentences proceeded to translate the fateful fortune to me, saying, as he waved his skinny brown hand over my head:

"Your slip much good. Your fortune read that you great luck and much good time. Great good luck in the autumn and in the autumn of life."

I crossed his palm with silver and then again picked my winding way down the dark stairs that led to the street.

And now I am waiting!—(See page 12.)

## THE HOME OF CALHOUN.

FORT HILL, the historic home of John C. Calhoun, in Oconee County, South Carolina, has been brought into fresh prominence of late as the site of an imposing new State educational institution, the "Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College," which will be formally opened on the 6th of July.

The old mansion, which sheltered the great States' Rights defender for so many years, and the modern college, which will afford educational facilities to hundreds of the youths of the State he honored by his fame, occupy a picturesque location on a commanding hill in full view of, and only two miles away from, the little station of "Calhoun" on the main trunk of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, running from Washington to Atlanta. The Blue Ridge Mountains loom up on the northern horizon, and the headwaters of the Savannah River, which constitutes the Georgia boundary, are only a few miles to the west.

The old Calhoun house is one of the finest specimens of characteristic Southern architecture of the ante-bellum period extant. It is a frame structure, with its walls painted white and its blinds done in vivid green. Two spacious verandas, with big, round stone columns, lend it an air of ancestral impressiveness which is heightened by the grove of stately oaks and the avenue of cedars leading up from the entrance to the grounds. The mansion stands in the midst of what was once a proud domain, including thousands of acres of cultivated uplands and fertile lowlands.

The residence has changed but little since Calhoun left it. At present it is occupied by one of the officials of the new college; but the art gallery, a large room on the first floor opening on one of the broad verandas, has been reserved as a museum of Calhoun relics; and the library, a little one-room structure standing by itself on the lawn, appears to-day as it was when Calhoun used it. The art collection is remarkably fine, including several genuine specimens of the old masters, and the array of bric-a-brac comprises such interesting exhibits as a sideboard made from the old frigate *Constitution*, a chair once used by Napoleon and a lounge that belonged to Washington.

The name of Fort Hill is inseparably connected with that of Calhoun. Many of his published writings are dated from there, and it was to this quiet retreat that he was wont to betake himself in the few leisure moments of his busy public career. His life there was one of rural simplicity. He kept with his books, and, as he himself once said, was as much an object of curiosity five miles from Fort Hill as anywhere else in the country.

The history of the movement which has resulted in the establishment of an agricultural college on the grounds of Fort Hill is the history of South Carolina for the past seven years. About 1886 an agitation was started by Captain B. R. Tillman, then a successful farmer of Edgefield County, for the creation of a college for the practical education of farmers' sons. This agitation met with indifferent success until 1888, when Thomas G. Clemson, the son-in-law of John C. Calhoun, who had inherited the homestead through his wife, died, leaving a will which gave the bulk of the vast property to the State for the purpose of founding just such an institution. Mr. Clemson, who was at one time Charge d'Affaires at Brussels, had lived the life of a hermit at Fort Hill for many years. It was his desire to perpetuate his name by having it conferred on the new college and a provision to that effect was a condition of the bequest. The fight over the acceptance of the gift, which led to a division of the Democracy of the State, was long and bitter, resulting finally in victory for the farmers. Ben Tillman, who had come into prominence through his advocacy of the college, was elected Governor, and steps were taken to carry out the will of Mr. Clemson. The splendid new institution which will be thrown open July 6 is the result. The college buildings include a main building with recitation-rooms and offices, a commodious dormitory with accommodations for three hundred young men, a chemical laboratory, and extensive barn and dairy buildings. The institution is modeled on the plan of the Mississippi Agricultural College. Manual labor will be its chief feature and the young men will be taught the details of farm life by actual experience. It will be supported in part by State appropriations, but chiefly by the Morrill and Hatch funds furnished by the general government. —(See page 5.)

TRADEWINDS HORTON.

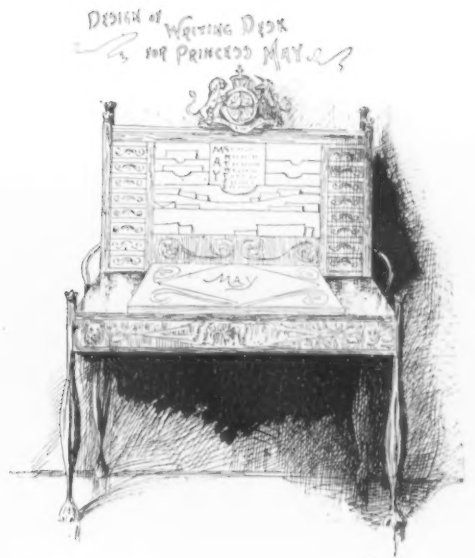




THE PARLIAMENTARY STRUGGLE IN GERMANY.

(See page 11.)





THE WEDDING OF PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MAY.

(See page 10.)



## ANOTHER ROYAL WEDDING.

THE DUKE OF YORK AND THE PRINCESS MAY.



England rejoices over the near marriage of Prince George, the Duke of York, to the Princess May of Teck. They will be married in the Chapel Royal, in St. James's Palace, the first week in July.

In spite of adverse rumors, those who are in the know say that this marriage is the true one, and that, if the Duke of Clarence had lived and had married May, the stalwart George would have been left grieving, while May herself, although the wife of his brother, would have cherished sisterly feelings of a more than tender nature.

George is in love with May. Both he and Clarence vied with each other for her favor since the day, now nearly three years ago, when she came back from her boarding-school in Germany to make her debut as an English princess, with the novelty of unaccustomedness clinging to her; for up to this time she had been little known to the English princes.

## WHEN GEORGE TOLD HIS LOVE.

When the engagement of May to the Duke of Clarence was announced, George said nothing. But he went away upon a long cruise, and those who knew him well knew that he grieved deeply because court etiquette denied a younger prince the privilege of speaking his love until the Heir Apparent had made a choice of a bride.

When Clarence lay sick unto death George tended him faithfully. And when, on the morning of Clarence's death, the news was brought to George, who waited just outside the door of the death chamber for the fatal tidings, there is no doubt that the young prince mourned most sincerely, even though he must have realized, even at the moment of his deepest grief, that by his brother's death he would come into possession of the throne of England with its great wealth and its other innumerable blessings.

May, too, was overcome with grief at the death of her fiancé; and when she and George met on the little balcony outside of Clarence's window in the Sandringham Palace, it was to fall into each other's arms and weep together over their mutual loss.

Just what was said in that brief, agonizing moment no one except the Princess May and the Duke of York will ever know. But when the duke went into the presence of his mother a few minutes later, he threw himself down before her and exclaimed, with tears rolling down his cheeks:

"I can never take Clarence's place in your heart, my mother, nor in May's heart. That I know. But if it is for the throne of England that even one of her tears is shed, I promise here and now that she shall share it with me. And so I will make up for Clarence's loss as far as within me lies."

## THE STORY-A TRUE ONE.

This is the story as told by a faithful old retainer of Sandringham Palace, who would never have breathed so sacred a family secret had he not been driven to it by the ridiculous rumors of George's coolness to May and the marriage forced by the Queen and the English people.

Six months after Clarence's death Prince George was hidden to prepare a suite of rooms for himself in a wing of St. James's Palace. He knew he was to marry, and that the wedding must be soon for the people were clamoring for him to take a bride. But as yet not one word had been said as to who the prospective bride should be. But George knew, and the Queen knew, and the Prince of Wales knew, that no other bride than the Princess May would ever be acceptable to Prince George.

## THE BRIDAL APARTMENTS.

Forty rooms in St. James's Palace were given to the Duke of York, and from that time until the announcement of his engagement, fifteen months after Clarence's death, he has been busy fitting them up.

Nothing was too good for him. The Princess May is to have a private apartment consisting of a suite of five rooms. There is a private sleeping-room, a bathroom, boudoir, library and sitting-room.

Upon the decorations of these, George has been tireless. "I want them nice," he has said more than once to the decorators who were busy with the work, and in the early stages of decorations he took the contract away from a certain firm whom he fancied to be slighting the work and gave it to another. As the rooms now stand they are in white and gold. The carpet is of the same pattern of white figures that was designed by Oscar Wilde for his wife's boudoir some years ago. The ceiling is decorated with a gold pattern, copied from a decoration in the house of Mr. Barrett Browning in Italy. In fact, it was this very decoration which threw Robert Browning in love for the house and made him buy it for his son.

White silk draperies, white upholstery picked out with gold, and gold and white furniture, make the Princess May's apartment by far the finest in St. James's Palace.

## MAY'S LOVE FOR ENGLAND.

By order of the bride-elect, everything in her trousseau is of English manufacture. Queen Victoria has a preference for work from foreign shores. But May prefers England every time.

In pursuance of her well-known love for things imported, the Queen has commissioned an Italian artist to paint a portrait of the Princess May for Windsor Castle, and the wedding gown, which was a birthday present from the Queen to the princess, was not entirely of home make.

Next to the wedding the greatest sensation of the season came when the Princess May appeared at her first drawing-room after the announcement of the engagement. She wore then a magnificent English silk, trimmed with true-lovers'-knots and embroidered with English embroidery, and she carried a bunch of the flower known as "The White Rose of York."

## A FEW OF THE WEDDING GIFTS.

There will be so many jewels among the wedding pres-

ents that to enumerate them flavors of monotony. An interesting gift, however, is the one ordered by the Princess Maud for a gift to her future sister. It is a writing-desk of old mahogany, modeled after the one which Maud gave to her sister, the Duchess of Fife, on her marriage four years ago.

This desk has been partly made in America. But it is wholly the handiwork of English workmen, the finest of whom were sent over here to do a bit of carving on Victoria House at the World's Fair, and who, while attending to this work, have also been busy upon the writing-desk for the Princess May.

The princess is a fine whip. One of Prince George's presents to her will be a span of white horses. She will also be personally presented with the keys of her immense suite of rooms in the palace, and will be given a sum of money upon which to conduct her apartment and her retinue of forty servants.

## THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S PLIGHT.

The Princess of Wales is really in a sad plight. She is by no means opposed to the marriage of her son George to the Princess May. Only—she cannot bear to see the happy couple in each other's company.

The dead Duke of Clarence, or "Eddie," as he was called in the family, was the favorite child of the Princess of Wales. He was her first born. His birth came unexpectedly to the princess one day, when she had just come in from skating, and the little life, born too soon, was for a long time despaired of.

Then came the long training for the position of king of England, which the Duke of Clarence would have occupied if he had lived. During the twenty-eight years of his life his mother taught him, tended him and worshiped him, frequently saying that the joy of being the mother of a prospective king far exceeded any hope of the throne which she might entertain for herself.

The Duke of Clarence was a shy, awkward lad. The "fierce light of royalty" which beats upon the throne was



too much for him. He shrank from it. He shunned the society of the young princesses whom the Queen invited to Windsor as possible partners for him. He accompanied his mother everywhere. He let her buy his clothes for him. He besought her to make his engagement for him, and when he fell in love with his third cousin, the blooming Princess May, he begged his mother to intercede with the Queen and get her permission to permit the marriage, in spite of the poverty and the obscurity of the princess.

Although Clarence was a tender lover he was a timid one, and during the engagement it was more often the Princess of Wales who drove over to White Lodge for pretty May to go to drive than Clarence himself. To the delicate youth marriage meant the addition of a wife without the subtraction of a mother, for no one could ever have taken his mother's place in his heart.

## AS PROSTRATED AS CARMEN SYLVA.

When "Eddie" died the Princess of Wales was prostrated. The state burial, the dedication of memorial windows, the placing of statues in commemoration of her lost son, only served to keep his memory fresh and to renew the agony of her grief, until, for a time, there was fear that she would lose her reason.

About Christmas-time she revived a little and went to Naples. But when the dreaded 14th of February arrived the grief of a year before came back stronger than ever, and the poor princess was again reduced to a deplorable state of nervous prostration. During her long stay in the South she wrote only three times to her husband, the Prince of Wales, and but once to the Duchess of Fife, although the latter had undergone confinement during that time and had been very ill indeed.

It is said that, because the Princess of Wales did not hurry back to England to offer her congratulations to the engaged couple, she did not approve of the match and felt angry with the Princess May for so soon taking George in place of the dead Clarence.

But such is not the case. The Princess of Wales is delighted with the match. She knows that May is the choice of the English people, and she has long known of her son George's love for her. But it is painful to see them together because, do what she will, the dead face of Clarence comes in George's place, and, like Banquo's ghost, it will not down.

The friends of the princess fear that she will be as reduced in mind and spirits as was poor Carmen Sylva of

Roumania, unless she succeeds in throwing off her grief in the joy of the wedding feast.

## WHERE MAY WILL RANK.

The Princess May, whose full name is Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, will change her rank after she is married.

Hitherto she has been an obscure princess, because her father, the Duke of Teck, was the son of a countess instead of a "real" princess. In fact, the Duke of Teck is the morganatic son of the King of Württemberg, and, until brought into notice by the favor of the Wales princes, poor May was regarded as a morganatic princess herself, because descended from a man who was a morganatic son of a king.

Her rank has not been high. She has classed with some distant cousins of the Queen, and in the royal processions has been very near the tail end of the line. After her marriage to the Duke of York she will rank after the sons and daughters of the Queen. At the state dinners, first will come the Queen. Then the Prince and Princess of Wales. Then will follow the sons and daughters of the Queen, according to their ages. And after them will come the Duke of York and the Princess May.

The three daughters of the Prince of Wales will next come. They will be headed by the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who will be followed by Victoria and Maud, who must walk alone, because there is no one else of precisely their rank. The Duke of York used to accompany them. But now, since he is the future king, he walks ahead, accompanied by his bride, who will some day be queen.

When Queen Victoria dies all this will be changed. The Duke of York will then be Prince of Wales and his wife will be the Princess of Wales. They will rank next to the present Prince of Wales, who will then be king of England.

The sons and daughters of the Queen who now rank ahead of the Duke and Duchess of York will then rank after them, because they will be only brothers and sisters of the reigning sovereign, instead of sons and daughters.

The Duke of York, who is known as "Sailor George," rejoices in the name of George Frederick Ernest Albert. He is Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, Baron Killarney and Knight of the Garter. As soon as he is married he will receive several other titles and be decorated with various orders.

## WHEN MAY IS QUEEN.

Royal people have the privilege of choosing a favorite name from the long list of cognomens by which they will be called. The new bride has chosen "May" for her name, and it is likely that she will be known as Queen May when it comes her turn to occupy the throne. The Duke of York will be King George V.

Already Britishers have begun to speculate upon the offspring of the royal pair. In Europe it is not considered indelicate to do this. In fact, the reason for hurrying the marriage has been the great fear that George would die unmarried and the crown would go to his eldest sister, the Duchess of Fife, who has married a Scotchman and is the mother of two little Scotch baby girls.

The Princess May is very English. She was born in London and loves England so dearly and so openly that she will be as great a favorite with the English people as is her future mother-in-law, the adored Princess of Wales.

Already in the bridal apartments in St. James's Palace there has been made provisions for the future, so that the Princess May need not move to find larger quarters, as our own rule have to do when their families outgrow the bridal suite of rooms.

Clad all in white, according to the custom of royal brides, and seated in the state coach and drawn by cream-white horses, the blooming princess will be a bonny sight for the hearts of the devoted royalists.

Where the royal tour will be no one knows. English papers hint that there may be a flying trip to our own World's Fair. But the English are tenacious of their rulers and hate to lose sight of them. So it is unlikely that the beloved princess and the Heir Apparent can be spared long enough for a trip across ocean and continent.

The Duchess of Teck will make a charming mother-in-law. Her home, White Lodge near Richmond Park, will always be open to the young couple when they wish to retire from the steady gaze of public life. And the Duchess of Teck, herself being a princess born, and a great-granddaughter of a king, is accustomed to court etiquette and can assist her inexperienced daughter.

No more popular, no more suitable and no prettier a marriage than this has taken place since the Prince of Wales brought Alexandra of Denmark to English shores thirty years ago. And across the water there will go many a message of congratulation to "Sailor George" and his bonny bride. —(See page 9.) AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

## THE CHARITIES OF NEW YORK.

THAT there are still some just men in Gotham is abundantly proven by the existence and encouragement of local charities whose inception is directly traceable to the observance of the golden precept—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." ONCE A WEEK, in the illustrations on page 4, wishes to give its readers some idea of the good accomplished by workers in the cause of the poor and suffering. It is difficult to discriminate as to their respective merits. The sick babies whom the *World* undertakes to care for make their own appeal to the sympathies of the rich. As to the *Herald's* free ice charity, a single day's abstinence from that refreshing commodity during the present hot spell will suffice to procure if the heartiest indorsement from all quarters. At Mr. Nathan Strauss' depot, milk is sold at cost, thereby procuring relief and nourishment to thousands of poor people, and materially lessening the temptation to intemperance. The fresh air funds are devoted to the praiseworthy object of giving the city waifs a taste of the sweet country. The Vienna bakery is a land of promise to many a hungry wretch, who, instead of going to bed supperless, may turn in here at the close of a weary day and satisfy his cravings *ad nauseam* with the wholesome products of this well-known establishment.

Rich people who have no direct communications with the poor and are yet desirous of tendering them some assistance, could not do better than encourage any one of these very deserving local charities.





No. V.

ON looking back on my own childhood I have but one regret with regard to it—I never knew how happy its happiness made me.

Is not that the way with all children? I will not except even those whose parents are very poor and who are sometimes hungry and cold; for the most wretched little starvelings have their occasional keen thrills of joy, and such visitations come to them like dew to the lips of a young flower. They are so gladly athirst that they drink in their pleasure, when it befalls them, with no thought of how they have been longing for the precious draught. A toy from some charity Christmas tree will atone, to a child bred in the slums, for days and weeks of want.

Childhood has no memories; it has only desires and hopes. It is perfectly unreflective about its enjoyments. It does not compare yesterday with to-day; it has no yesterdays, but only a lovely and luminous vista of to-morrows. It is forever thinking, in its dainty and demanding way, of what the future may bequeath to it. Every new dawn is a promise and every new sunset a subtle and tender prophecy. The trouble with all of us is that we never realize the exquisite idealism of our childhood until we have left it far behind us. It is a garden wherein we have once wandered, with splendors of blossoming parterres, with statued terraces, with pools of emerald luster overleaped by the whispering negligence of bird-haunted boughs. Maturity shuts the gate, and we stand outside and tell ourselves how beautiful and stately and fragrant was the lost domain. We could gather armfuls of its flowers then! Ah! to have now but a single balmy and living spray! Though we tore the nails from our desperate fingers we could never wrench asunder the bars of that inflexible gate! And as for a key, not all the locksmiths in all the world have craft enough to fashion one for our re-entrance! The best we can do—poor, exiled souls—is to crane our necks across the high, stern barrier and gaze (too often through tears!) at paths which our feet shall never press again!

Almost the cruellest thing that grown folk can do to children is to underrate their powers both of suffering and delight. I recollect, for example, that when quite a small boy I got hold of the "Tales" of Poe. I was too young to admire the literary strength of "The Black Cat" and other ghastly creations; but my agony, when bedtime came, was acute beyond words. It was a real agony, too; it meant something, and it was worthy of tenderness and respect. But all my shivering wakefulness in a darkened room secured, if I rightly remember, only a tithe of the sympathy to which I believed myself entitled. All through my earlier years I underwent tortures of terror at being left alone in the dark, provided I had read anything which contained the least hint of the "supernatural." I am aware that the fact of my having ever possessed imagination is one that certain critics have somewhat openly contested; but even the harshest of these dissenters might have been touched with qualms of leniency if they had seen my anguish, one evening, just after having slipped into my lonely little bed. Heaven knows what I had been reading—some romance or story, perhaps, which would now strike me as being the stalest and tamest bit of bugaboism. But my chamber, vaguely lighted either from a flickering street-lamp or the window of some opposite neighbor, disclosed on its wall a peculiar oblong shadow that I at once frantically took to be the semblance of a coffin! Never shall I forget the horror which this dramatic discovery dealt me. . . . But here is only one instance of my many similar torments, and I quote it merely to show the intensity of distressing experience (so frequently pooh-poohed by their elders) which children are forced to undergo.

Childhood has really its poignant and distracting tragedies. I recall being once enraptured, during a certain summer in the country, at the prospect of visiting a peach orchard ten or twelve miles from home. The carriages were waiting; the merry party had begun to assemble on the lower piazza, when suddenly that dire malady called a "stitch" in the neck seized me. Thereupon I became a sort of human battleground between two miseries. One was physical, the other mental. I had to stay away from the peach orchard, and I had to endure the odious pain in my neck. Never tell me, O ye philosophers, that I did not then suffer in a way worthy of the most dignified chronicling! . . . On the other hand, I bear in mind episodes of delight which later years can scarcely parallel. These were the occasions on which I was taken to the theater. For hours beforehand, and sometimes even for days, my expectancy and suspense were unspokeable. In former days a bell would always ring just before the curtain rose. What tingles of anticipation that bell would send through every tense-strained nerve! I was very young when I conceived for Miss Bateman a passion beside which that of the gentleman who played Romeo to her Juliet struck me as absurdly tame. And what a lovely actress she was, by the way, this statuesque yet fiery Kate Bateman, when she first electrified New York in such plays as "Fazio" and "The Honey-moon" and "The Hunchback" and "Macbeth," as far back as 1859! When a very little boy I had seen her play as a little girl at the old Broadway Theater, with her brilliant young sister, Helen. And afterward my father, who was a friend of her own talented father, H. L. Bateman, took us to see her make her first appearance as a grown-up actress at Winter Garden—that pretty and cheerful theater which once entered below the façade of the La-farge House, now the Grand Central Hotel. The play which was to test her powers may or may not have pleased

the critics of that time, but to me it teemed with all conceivable grace and lure. It was written by her mother, and was a dramatization of Longfellow's "Evangeline." The ecstasy with which I listened to it can be matched by few emotions of my after life. I often think that no actress has ever appeared in New York, with perhaps the single exception of Adelaide Neilson, whose vibrant voice, fascinating presence and rich artistic capacity have so brightly fitted her for the parts which she enacted.

If I mistake not, it is Henry James who has said in one of his most powerful novels that children interest because of the extreme seriousness with which they take their lives. And for this very reason it seems to me that children's grief and happiness should be taken at all times with great seriousness by their guardians and friends. Is it well to concern ourselves so mightily with what they are going to be in place of what they are? Is it not true that what they are has a very vivid and salient importance? We, their instructors and helpers, are merely children of a larger growth ourselves. If to-morrow some race of excessively civilized giants should arrive here from some other planet, we, who fondly declare ourselves the lords of creation, might undergo a severe self-humiliating shock. Everything in the scope of human estimate is relative and comparative. Children, it is true, outlive their tastes and ardors and pursuits. But do not we, in very much the same way, outlive our own? Life is full of farewells before there comes to us that last farewell of the grave. We older children have many toys that we no longer care to play with, and that we leave forgotten and neglected. Only we do not call them by quite so trivial a name as toys; we call them hopes, aims, ambitions—or sometimes even passions and transports. Hence it is well that the bond of sympathy should be strong between children and their elders, resembling that delicate sort of free-masonry between the fragile verdures of spring and the harder frondage of summer. It is Shelley, the poet of rainbow-tinted ideals, who tells us about "the starlight smiles of children." How many a darkened spirit has that ethereal glimmer cheered! Those who chill and harden themselves against the gentle yet imperious claims of childhood are like that French cynic who gave to a ragged beggar his famously sardonic reply: "But, monsieur," had protested the beggar, "we poor people must live!" "Really," came the grim retort, "I don't see any necessity of it." . . . We all know certain ichor-blooded mortals who behave as if they held very much the same view regarding children. And to these the younger generations might aptly make answer: "We are perfectly well aware that we are often very tiresome and troublesome to you, but we would beg respectfully to remind you that you are often equally so to us!"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## THE PARLIAMENTARY STRUGGLE IN GERMANY.



THE present constitution of the German Empire was adopted at the close of the war with France, in 1871. It provided for a national parliament composed of two Houses—the Bundesrath and the Reichstag—whose joint enactments, under the sign manual of the Emperor, were thenceforth to constitute the laws of the land. The Bundesrath represents the States; the Reichstag represents the people. The governments of each State choose the members of the Bundesrath, while the people elect the 397 members of the Reichstag. The last general election was held in 1890; 10,145,877 electors registered; only 7,261,639 actually voted. Since that time the popular electorate has increased to more than 11,000,000, and, owing to the great excitement over the proposed bill to increase the army, more votes were cast this year than ever before. The greater part of the population of Germany centers in Prussia, which also elects a majority of the Reichstag—two hundred and thirty-six members. Bavaria has forty-eight members, and the average representation of all the other States does not exceed fifteen.

The trouble which led to the dissolution of the Reichstag and precipitated the consequent election of a new one has been caused by the obstinate determination of Emperor William to increase the strength of the standing army. His reasons were that, in view of the size of the armaments of France and Russia, which now individually exceed those of Germany, an increase was advisable in the armies of the Fatherland. The present taxation of the German people for military defenses amounts to one hundred million dollars, and, if the Emperor had his way, this sum would be increased by about thirty million. This increase the people, expressing their views through parliamentary representatives, have refused to grant.

Just now the German army, on a peace footing, numbers twenty thousand five hundred officers and somewhat more than four hundred and ninety thousand non-commissioned officers and men. All Germans above seventeen years of age are liable to service for seven years, three of which are spent with the colors and the remaining four in the reserves. As a rule, however, men are not drafted before their twentieth year, but volunteers are accepted at an earlier age. If a man is very quick to learn he may get off with two years' service, but he can be called up again if he is wanted. It is estimated that four hundred thousand Germans annually arrive at the legal age for entering the army, and of whom three-fourths are available. Every year one hundred and eighty thousand conscripts are drawn by lot; these pass into the regular forces and the remainder of the eligible recruits into the Ersatz reserve. Men join the Ersatz reserve for a period of twelve years, during which time they undergo three trainings annually, divided into ten, six and four weeks each. But there are not sufficient funds to drill all of them. From the Ersatz reserve men pass into the first and second classes of the Landsturm, according as they

may be trained or untrained. The Landsturm is only mobilized for home service, in case of invasion.

The conscript from the regular army goes, after his three years with the colors, into the reserves for the remaining four years; then he becomes for five years a member of the first class of the Landwehr, in the second class of which he continues to serve up to his fortieth year.

The total of these forces reaches three million men, Germany's entire war strength, and is insufficient, in the opinion of Emperor William. His rejected proposals to the Reichstag aim at an increase of conscripts to the annual number of eighty-four thousand, and an increase in the war strength of the army to four million, exclusive of officers. As a compromise, he offered to agree to a smaller increase and to see what could be done to reduce the term of regular army service to two years. Further, he was to agree to the abolition of the Ersatz reserve, an institution not in favor with his subjects. The Radicals would have given the Emperor sufficient votes to enable him to carry his Army Bill had he consented to give absolute pledges for the reduction of active service to two years, but they failed to gain him over on this point.

It is a curious fact that the most formidable opponents of the Army Bill have been the Radicals, the Socialists and the Center Party, which is composed mainly of farmers and Catholic aristocracy, a very conservative class. Divided as they are upon other questions of policy, on this particular question they agree, though, of course, for different reasons. The Radicals and Socialists naturally object to the increase of a standing army, because they do not believe in such an institution existing at all, except within such limits as might agree with the spirit of their propaganda; the Center Party object to the bill because many of them are landowners, a class that would most feel the burden of increased taxation, and also because they claim that the country in general cannot support the strain of further armaments. The Conservative Party is with the Emperor; so are the bankers and the people of the great centers of commerce in the North, who would like to support the policy of the Emperor's mouthpiece, Chancellor von Caprivi, as he advocates a liberal tariff policy favorable to their interests.

The great leaders of the opposition are Eugene Richter, Heinrich Rickert, Wilhelm Liebknecht, Ludwig Bamberger, G. H. von Vollmar and Ferdinand Bebel. Of these Richter and Liebknecht are probably the strongest men of fiercely radical convictions, tremendous personal force and a great following. Liebknecht is said to be the ablest Socialist of the day. Bamberger was mixed up in the troubles of 1848, and returned after years of exile to become a political power in the land. Bebel is a Socialist of great activity, and so is Vollmar. Ahlwardt, the Anti-Semite, is also against the bill. Herr von Levetzow, president of the Reichstag for twelve years, and a Conservative; Dr. Buhl and Rudolph von Benningsen, both members of the National Liberal Party and ex-high officials, are in the ranks of the Government supporters.

The Socialists are making a great fight to come back to the Reichstag with a majority, having put three hundred and nineteen candidates in the field. Conservatives and National Liberals are equally active upon the other side.

The result of the first ballot in the general election has shown that the vaunted power of Herr Eugene Richter's Radical followers was little better than an empty boast.

On the other hand, while the supporters of the Emperor and his Army Bill have gained a number of seats and will probably return to the Reichstag numerically as strong as the most powerful section of their opponents—the Clerical Centrists—the latter have so far badly disappointed the Government, by passing through the ordeal of the first ballot with unbroken ranks. The Socialists, too, have on their part polled an unusually large vote, gaining twenty new seats; but the Government professes to ignore this, saying that it is offset by the Radical losses.

At the present writing the situation is briefly this: The first ballot has been taken, resulting in the election of two hundred and fifteen members of the new Reichstag. Of these one hundred and one will vote for the Army Bill and one hundred and fourteen against it. The Government are therefore in a minority of thirteen. Conservatives, "free" Conservatives, National Liberals and Poles comprise the body of their supporters. The opposition is made up of Clerical Centrists, Socialists and Radicals. The main hope of the Government rests on the expectation that the successes of the Socialist candidates will so alarm the Catholics that they will obey to the letter the injunction of their spiritual advisers, and at the second ballot record their votes for even a Conservative or National Liberal candidate rather than aid in the election of a single additional Socialist. Through this indirect support the Emperor and his ministers hope to finally come out ahead. (See page 8.)

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GOOD SENSE

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MODERN Ideas of HEALTHFUL Dress are PERFECTED in this WAIST.

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YENG WAH CHEE, MAYOR OF CHINATOWN.

陳海山

SIGNATURE OF THE MAYOR OF CHINATOWN.

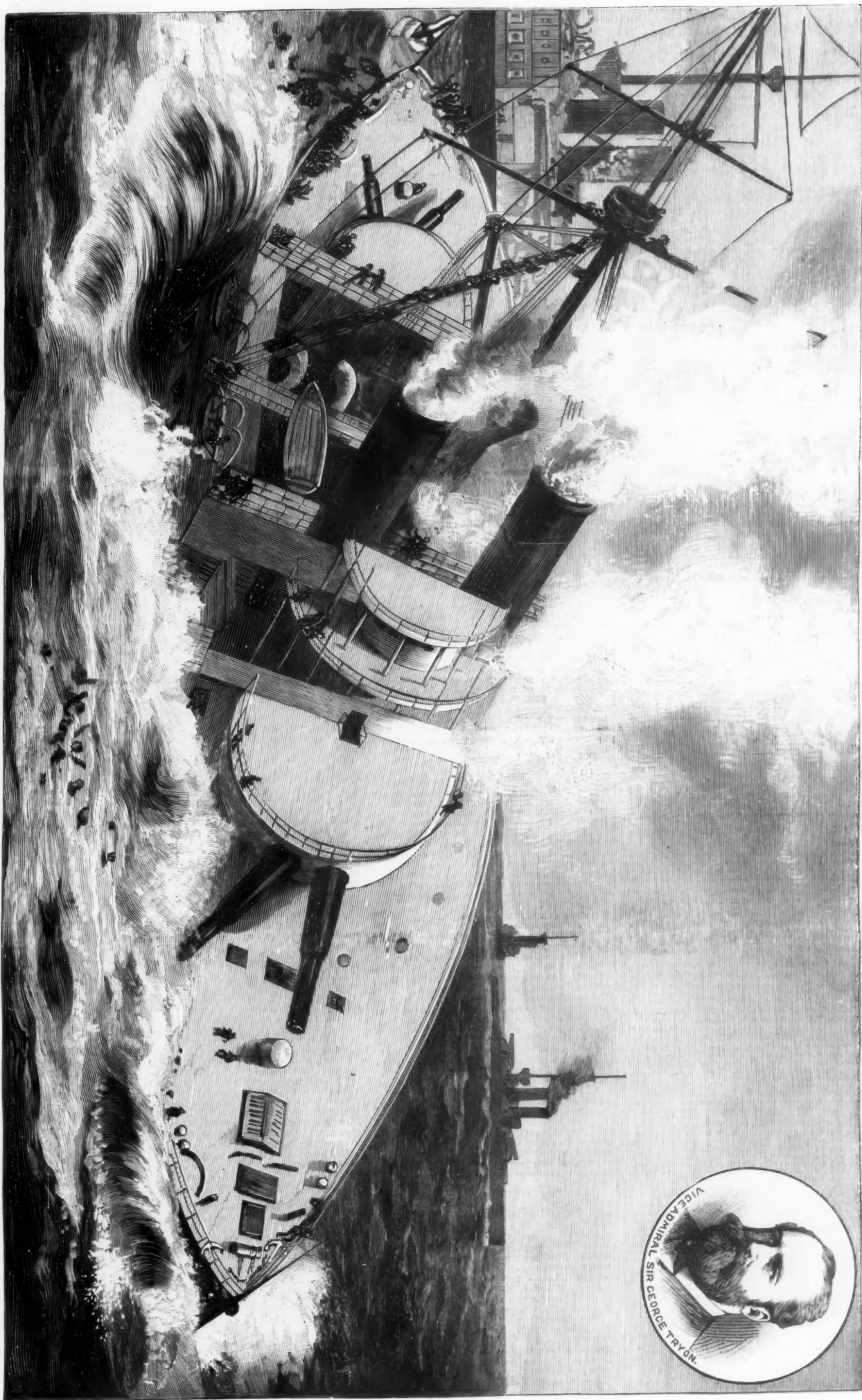


IN THE TEMPLE.



THE FORTUNE TELLER.





### AN APPALLING DISASTER.

The British battleship *Victoria*, flagship of the Mediterranean squadron, was run into off Tripoli by the British battleship *Comperdown*, while maneuvering on the afternoon of the 23d inst. The *Victoria* sank in fifteen minutes, in eighteen fathoms of water, and settled bottom upmost. The number drowned is reported to be over 400, including Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean squadron.

Water poured in torrents through enormous holes in the side of the ill-fated ship, and she sank so quickly that those on board could not cut loose their small boats in time to use them. Some of the officers managed to avoid the suction hole caused by the sinking ship and were saved, as were also 255 of the men.

The captain in command was Hon. Maurice A. Bourke, son of the

Late Earl of Mayo, who is the youngest post captain in the British navy. He was severely reprimanded by a court-martial for running on a shoal off the coast of Greece, near Platina, in January, 1892. The *Victoria* was a twin-screw battleship of 10,470 tons and 14,000 horse power. She mounted fifteen guns. The *Comperdown* is also a first-class twin-screw battleship. She is of 10,000 tons and 11,500 horse power, and carries ten guns.



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BOSTON, MASS.

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Rockville, Conn.



### BIRDS THAT HAVE BEEN HONORED.

In every age of the world and in all its quarters, from the Nile, where the ibis has always received honors of the highest degree, to the swamps of Louisiana, where the pelican has its local habitation—certain birds have been invested with mystical virtues and received honors therefore.

Prominent among such is the peacock. It was utilized by the early Christians to typify immortality and the resurrection. Whence this conception of its virtues, originally, it is hard to say, but it is traced to an ancient Oriental idea that the flesh of the peacock will not decay.

In sacred history these birds make their appearance with King Solomon, and in profane, as the chosen bird of the goddess Juno, about whose temple, at Samos, large flocks were kept.

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Is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac the wonderful, harmless guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't run his physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac," sold by all druggists.

Book at Drug stores or by mail free address, The Sterling Remedy Co., Box 1753, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

### A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

MEDICAL SCIENCE at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1161 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

### WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?

WHEN the rays of old Sol are boiling down at a ninety degree rate, the air like the breath of a furnace and everything hot, dry and dusty, the natural desire of the average human is to drink. But, what to drink? There's the question.

The serious effect of an over indulgence in ice water is well known. The thousand and one cheap gassy beverages are known to be more or less injurious to the health, while the mineral waters of known purity and healthfulness are a luxury beyond the reach of all but few. What shall we drink?

A beverage to meet the requirements, must, first of all, be absolutely pure and non-alcoholic. It should possess a medicinal element to counteract the effects of the heat and keep the blood pure and the stomach healthy. In order to be palatable and refreshing, it should be sparkling and effervescent. Last but not least, it must be economical and within the reach of all. A beverage that fully meets all of the above requirements and one that is entitled to more than passing mention is Hires' Rootbeer, manufactured by the Chas. C. Hires Co., of Philadelphia. This preparation has been analyzed by the highest authorities and pronounced by them to be free from any deleterious substance and absolutely non-alcoholic; while all physicians acknowledge its health giving qualities. It has a delicious, appetizing flavor, is full of snap, sparkle and effervescence, and is without a peer as a refreshment.

A package, costing 25 cents at the grocer's or druggist's, will make five gallons of this great temperance drink. Truly it answers the question—What shall we drink? There are many substitutes and imitations of Hires' Rootbeer offered for sale which should be carefully avoided.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE NEWCOMB FLYING-SHUTTLE RAG-CARPET LAMM, advertised in this issue, is the BEST to be had, far superior to the crude, clumsy affairs used by our forefathers, and quite a little cheaper. Note the advertisement of this money making machine in another column of this journal, and write for FREE descriptive catalogue and price list.

Many curious facts can be gleaned here and there descriptive of the world-wide honors paid this bird of gorgeous plumage.

Its adoption as a symbol of pride was ancient, but still holds. The Yezids, a curious Eastern race of devil worshippers, have a creed based upon the precept of Zoroaster, which admits that worship can rest either on the principle of good or on that of evil.

"God is good and merciful," they argue. "What is the use of praying to him? As he is not capable of injuring any one let us address our petitions to the Devil and thereby escape evil." They worship the peacock as an emblem of pride, and, as such, regard it as a fitting symbol of Lucifer whom they would propitiate.

India, originally, gave the peacock to the world. In Delhi there is a Peacock Hall, set apart for the reception of nobility. It was the famous Peacock Throne, so called from its having the figures of two peacocks, with expanded tails, standing behind it. The entire surface of these birds was inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls and other precious stones in exact reproduction of their gorgeous natural hues.

No satisfactory explanation is to be found for the respect accorded this bird in the days of chivalry and romance.

Knights and squires associated it with all their ideas of fame; made their solemn oaths over it and conferred upon it the highest honors. "By the Peacock," was a common form of oath, regarded as sacredly impressive.

It is curious to find swan legends connected with the Indians of Virginia as well as among the hardy Teutonic and Scandinavian heroes, whose lore bristles with fragmentary romance. A missionary, who accompanied William Tell to America, relates that, on a spoke of one of the well-known Calendar wheels, kept by the aborigines of Virginia, he saw the arrival of the first Europeans vividly recorded by a picture of a white swan spitting fire from its mouth.

By this symbolism was conveyed the idea of the white-winged sailing vessels, the color of the intruders, and the firearms, which were at once such a novelty and such a terror to the natives.

In Northern legends the swan plays a most romantic part. We can give space to only one illustration of this statement.

It tells of an injured damsel to whose aid there sails a knight in a boat drawn by an enchanted swan. The knight rescues the maiden and makes her his bride, only to have their mutual happiness destroyed by her feminine determination to know who he is and whence he comes. Wagner has utilized this legend in the score of his "Lohengrin."

Without the stately beauty of the swan to win it consideration, the goose has managed to secure its own share of distinction.

It is still held in great veneration by some of the Eastern nations. Its figure occurs frequently on Buddhist monuments, and the ancient Britons, according to Caesar, held it impious to eat the flesh of a goose. In Egyptian hieroglyphics the goose symbolized a vain and silly man.

Popular tradition thus explains the honors done the goose at Michaelmas-time in England:

When Queen Elizabeth was on her way to Tilbury Fort, she dined at the ancient seat of Sir Neville Umfraville. Goose was the principal dish upon the table. After partaking heartily the Queen, in a bumper of Burgundy, gave the toast: "Destruction to the Spanish Armada." Scarcely were the words spoken before the destruction of the fleet by a storm was announced, upon which the triumphant sovereign decreed that henceforth a goose should always commemorate the event.

The Mohammedans held the stork in great veneration. To them it was almost as sacred as was the ibis to the Egyptians. To kill either was to be guilty of sacrilege. So precious was the stork held in Thessaly, which country they are said to have cleared from serpents, that the slayer was punished by death.

Such was the sanctity accorded the ibis, or Nile Bird, by the Egyptians, that there are still to be found in that country ibis mummies in pits which contain layer upon

layer of coarse earthen jars containing and embalmed bodies of these sacred birds.

Whether they were embalmed and conveyed to these pits for simple sepulture, or whether they gradually accumulated in the performance of some religious rite, is an open question. If, indeed, as is claimed, the ibis devours crocodile eggs, scares away the crocodile itself, effaces serpents and consumes all sorts of noxious reptiles, there is a rational basis for the high esteem in which it is held.

In the Loch Valley there is a belief that the ravens never drink during June, because in that month they fed the prophet Elijah.

A superstition obtains in North Germany, Suabia and Tyrol, that if the eggs are taken from a raven's nest, boiled and replaced, the old raven will bring a stone to the nest, which he will find on the seashore. This raven-stone is valued as bringing good fortune to its possessor.

In Christian art the raven is an emblem of God's providence. St. Oswald holds in his hand a raven with a ring in its mouth. St. Benedict has a raven at his feet and St. Paul, the hermit, is drawn with a raven bringing him a loaf of bread.

Of inspired birds, the raven is accounted chief prophet. We are told that Cereus was forewarned of his death by the fluttering of ravens. The raven is also consecrated to the Danish war-god Odin, inspiring great respect when shown upon the Danish standard.

It is said the pigeon is never eaten by a Russian. They hold it a sin to show any disrespect to a bird in whose form the Holy Ghost was made manifest. Pigeons are bought by them exclusively for pets, and are so trained.

The Spanish peasants have a tradition that it was a swallow that tried to pluck the thorns from the Saviour's crown as He hung upon the cross, hence the bird is sacred in their eyes and safe from destruction.

According to Scandinavian tradition, it was this bird which hovered over the cross of our Lord, crying: "Svala! Svala!" (console! console!) whence it was called swallow, the bird of salvation. The transition from swallow to swallow is slight and easy.

There is also a superstition that the swallow was sacred to the Penates, or household gods, and therefore to injure one was to bring harm to your own household.

### A SUGGESTION FOR ART LOVERS.

ANY one possessed of the necessary amount of information should, in a large city like New York, be able to create a congenial and lucrative office as an art interpreter. To the uncultured rich who spend unhappy hours in public museums and galleries trying to enjoy great pictures and statues, and failing miserably, such an ally would be a friend indeed.

Among the promiscuous crowds who frequent the museums and art galleries are to be found many worthy persons of untrained taste and consciously unreliable judgment who would thankfully avail themselves of the services of an educated guide. On the other hand, there are undoubtedly many students and devotees of art who would find pleasure as well as profit in opening the eyes of an earnest but ignorant companion to the real meaning and value of art, not confusing him with technical criticism, but simply grounding him in a few of the fundamental principles that govern every good work, great and small, and serve as a key to the mysteries of composition and execution.

There are conditions under which the relation of guide and pupil might become excessively irksome. If the latter had not a real taste for art, but only craved some superficial knowledge of it from a vague sense of its desirability, he would, no doubt, pass through every stage of bewilderment and boredom at the hands of his "interpreter" before discovering that the game was not worth the candle. There would also be a rapid falling off in the ardor of the guide once it became evident that the pupil was entirely destitute of artistic perception.

But given the right conditions—on the one hand a fresh, receptive, inquiring mind, with discernible symptoms of fine taste; on the other a trained critical faculty, enriched by study and experience, some really delightful intercourse might flow and many idle hours be turned to pleasant and useful account at the feet of the great and good men whom we reverently call masters.

It would be an excellent thing, too, if visiting classes of young people could be formed for the purpose of studying the works of art in our best collections. Instruction imparted to them in this way would sink permanently into their minds and train them to habits of observation and discrimination.

If we wish to make our boys and girls as refined as they are intelligent, there is no better way of accomplishing this purpose than to direct their tastes into proper channels.

## PENSIONS! FOR ALL PENSIONS!

The act of June 27th, 1890, allows a PENSION to EVERY SOLDIER who served 90 days in the late war, and is now disabled, NO MATTER HOW HE BECAME DISABLED. WIDOWS, MINOR CHILDREN and DEPENDENT PARENTS entitled. Pensions Increased.

Soldiers of the INDIAN WARS and their Widows are entitled.

Comrades: Place your claims in our hands and you will not make a mistake. If you have a claim on file, you can draw a pension under the New Law and then complete the old claim. Four years at the front during the war and Twenty Years' experience in the prosecution of Soldiers' Claims has placed us in the front rank of reliable and successful attorneys. BE SURE to write us if you want any information on the subject of pensions. ADVICE FREE and no fee until claim is allowed.

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neils and awake in their hearts a deep and genuine love of the beautiful and the true.

A course of visits to our great galleries of paintings or sculpture, in the company of a master or guide who would explain the meaning and indicate the excellences and defects of the pictures, would be a direct means to this end. Parents would do well to keep the idea in their minds and, after the holidays, make the experiment of putting it into execution.

If any readers of ONCE A WEEK feel interested in the formation of such classes, either as pupils or teachers, we invite them to correspond with us on the subject, and we shall be pleased to tender all the assistance possible to promote the success of the movement.

## CHOCOLAT MENIER at the World's Fair.

Every one who will send name and address and mention this publication will receive a pass, which will, when presented at the MENIER BUILDING at any time during the World's Fair, entitle the bearer to all the privileges of this beautiful pavilion, and also to a very liberal sample of the **CHOCOLAT MENIER**, FREE.

Of course, in the French Section, MENIER's home; M. Gaston Menier also having the honor of appointment as one of the French Commissioners.

**Chocolat-Menier** is the only chocolate dispensed at all the restaurants of the Vienna Bakery.

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The **Menier Building**, erected by the same contractors that built the Administration Building, is one of the prominent features of the White City. No greater recognition of the superiority of **Chocolat-Menier** as distinct from the ordinary manufactured goods can be given than this location awarded to MENIER. Their building is the only one in the area bounded by the Terminal R. R. station, the Administration Building, Machinery and Mines.

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"Yes, my dear boy, I was enraptured. First, I thought it was her graceful form; then her dreamy eyes; but I finally decided that I had been entranced by her superb complexion." This remark was made concerning a young lady who is known to be a patron of

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which is the most wonderful beautifier of the nineteenth century. Pimples, blotches, freckles and ugly eruptions vanish before this

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Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; cured, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of to-day. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address. Prof. W. H. PEEKE, T. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

## A CANADIAN ON THE SEALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

AS ONE of your Canadian subscribers I have read with much interest your editorial remarks entitled "A New View of the Seals," and which appeared in your issue of 30 inst. Truly it is a new view and one in keeping with the "humanity" plea recently advocated so earnestly by United States counsel at Paris—"humanity," however, "at the highest market price," as Sir Charles Russell very aptly puts it. We think, though, having broached the subject, you should in all fairness have stated the facts truly. Canada, or rather Britain for her, has repeatedly, years since, stated her willingness to treat on the subject of regulations for the preservation of seal life, provided that the high-handed and unwarranted seizures of the vessels of her subjects while engaged in legitimate pursuits upon the high seas scores of miles from land were repudiated and proper redress accorded the aggrieved parties. Your editorial would lead one to infer that the British had all along been opposed to any regulations for the seal fisheries. A perusal of the United States official documents laid before Congress in this case will show this view of the matter to be erroneous.

The vessels seized were not taken and condemned on the grounds that their labors were "opposed to international morality," nor that such seizures were made "for the benefit of humanity," nor on any of the new grounds or views so ingeniously set forth of late in United States prints, but for alleged contraventions of certain sections of the United States statutes prohibiting sealing "in the territorial waters of Alaska." You now frankly admit in the editorial referred to that the United States have no dominion over the seas where these seizures took place, an admission also virtually conceded by United States counsel at Paris, thanks to the British discovery of Petroff's forgeries in time. This being so, is it not beneath the dignity of a great nation to continue inventing excuses about "international morality," "good of humanity," etc.? Surely there would be more humanity and true dignity in recompensing poor individual sealers for seizures and imprisonment, admitted to have been unwarranted, than in efforts to bolster up a gigantic mistake with a monopoly behind it. Truly, the United States are favoring the rich man at the expense of the poor man in this business, and to all those intimately acquainted with the sealing industry the plea of "good of humanity" must be in the highest degree entertaining.

Moreover, to us Canadians there seems to be another feature that should not be overlooked. Could your contention be approved, and, as you say, "a precedent established with regard to seal life"—this being that the United States own the seals and can follow and protect them on the high seas—then of course the same rule should apply to other creatures similarly circumstanced. The mackerel and other fish on the Atlantic coast spawn within Canadian territorial waters (three-mile limit) and return there year after year for the same purpose and remain a certain period in our territory—Canada, therefore, according to your view, should have a property interest in these fish, should follow them out to sea and prevent Yankee poachers from catching any, and destroying myriads of young and immature fish, as they do with their destructive purse-seines. The destruction of young by pelagic sealing is trifling, indeed, compared with the loss of young edible fishes by United States purse-seiners; and if the rule is applicable to one case it cannot very well under circumstances so similar be denied the other. How would this suit United States fishermen? The same with wild ducks—they are bred mainly in Canada and return here for that purpose year after year—should not the same rule apply to them while South in the winter season?

Many other cases might be cited to show the unreasonableness of the United States contention in this matter, and the injustice suffered by our sealers, all for the benefit and at the instance of a few monopolists who have heretofore, if report be correct, contributed generously to the Republican Party Campaign Fund; but I know your columns are valuable and I cannot expect you would accord as much space as the righteousness of our contention would necessitate, were it attempted to enter in any but the briefest and most cursory of discussions upon the subject now occupying the attention of the High Tribunal of Arbitration at Paris.

Ottawa, June 12, 1893.

THE WHITE SERGEANT.

THE great dam across the Colorado River at Austin, Tex., is a remarkable piece of solid masonry. The length of the dam is 1,150 feet; it is 66 feet high, 60 feet broad at the base and 16 feet at the crest. It has formed a lake 22 miles long with an average width of 1,200 feet, containing 21,000,000,000 gallons of water, or enough to supply the city of Austin twenty years without being replenished. The purpose of the dam is to furnish a water supply and power for the electric light system of the city. Besides accomplishing these purposes, 14,000 horse power has been developed, which will be disposed of to manufacturers at nominal cost. The cost of the dam was over \$600,000.

THERE is good authority for the statement, that under the Russo-American extradition treaty nobody will be surrendered to Russia except upon evidence that will satisfy an American jury, by which the accused may claim trial before being extradited.

THE elections in Germany show a remarkable increase in the strength of the Socialists.

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"Many ladies are annoyed," says Mme. Ruppert, "in the spring by hideous freckles, but, thanks to my World-Renowned Face Bleach, each year this number gets smaller. I guarantee my Face Bleach in every case to remove freckles. In every case where it fails I will give \$300. This should be guarantee enough. I ask only this, that you give it a trial, and, after that, you will agree with me that my World-Renowned Face Bleach is the most wonderful preparation known for removing freckles; and not at all new, but if you use during the summer, you cannot tan, burn or freckle, no matter if you appear in the hottest rays of the sun daily. If you use my Face Bleach in the early spring your freckles will not appear at all. Do not wait, but call now; or, if you live at a distance, send for it. One bottle sells for \$2.00, or three bottles for \$5.00. It is not a cosmetic to cover up, but a thorough cure. I send all orders from a distance in plain wrapper, safely packed, free from outside observation. Beware of imitations. See that all my preparations bear photograph and signature in full on label of Madame A. Ruppert. Address all communications to

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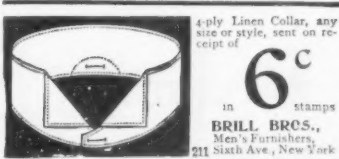
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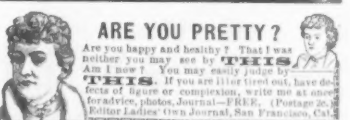
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